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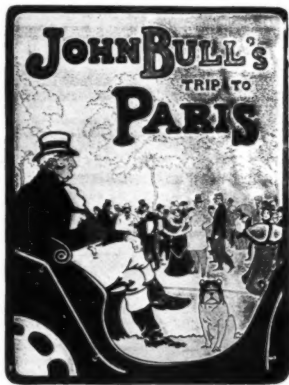
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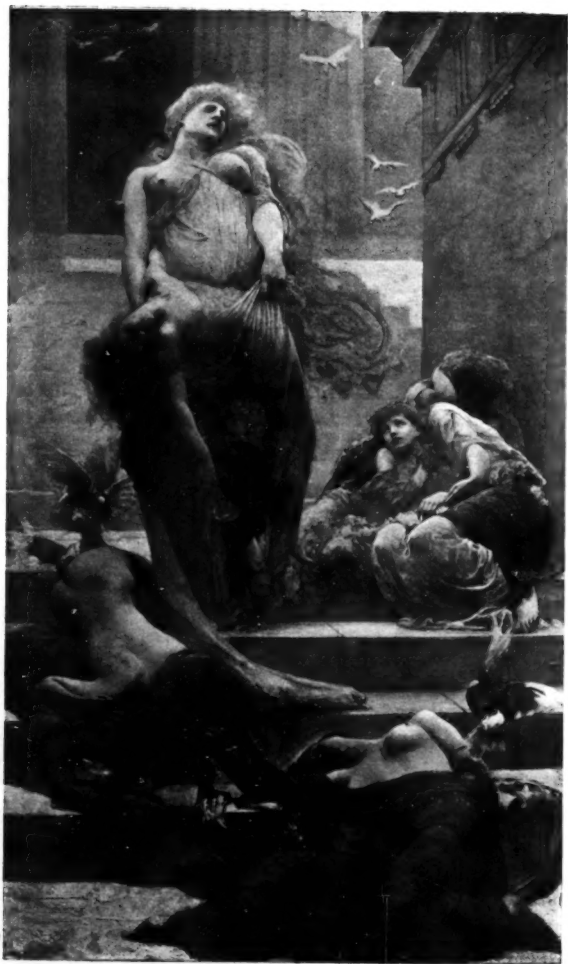
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NIOBE.

From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., Royal Academy, 1858.

THE ART OF SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

BY WALTER C. PURCELL.

A GREAT critic, who has not long left us, once declared that the really country-bred man never appreciates the beauties of Nature with the zest of the man who happens to be born, for instance, in Southwark. It requires contrast to show up the beauty of anything, and a man who has never lived far from Niagara

will think no more of those wonderful falls than the man brought up in Catford will think of the Ravensbourne. Only those who have spent the early years of their life in the heart of a pleasant and picturesque country, and who afterwards found themselves permanently fixed amongst the bricks and mortar of the cities, can fully realise the truth of this. It is only after the first return to the natal homestead that one begins to see the many good things he had neglected to notice in boyhood. On this point there is a strange contrast, which I do not remember

to have seen noticed before, between the effect of absence on the real countryman, the man brought up on the land, and him whose early years were spent in, say, some more or less prosperous market town. The one leaves his native place with the conviction that there is nothing in it that any sane person would

go a mile to see, and comes back to find beauty in every blade of grass, music in every ripple of the stream, and majesty in the line of distant hills that in his childhood had only served to shut out the sun. The townsman, on the contrary, has a very exalted idea of the local store, and considers the main street of his town

magnificent. He passes a few years in one of our large cities, and returns to see everything, even the distance from one place to another, melted down as it were to one quarter of its proportions.

But what has all this to do with Solomon J. Solomon? Merely this: that the artist who is the subject of this sketch, and who very gracefully submitted to be interviewed at his charming residence in St. John's Wood, was born in Southwark, far away it would be generally supposed from most of those influences which are said to inspire, if not to create, the artistic

feeling in a young man. Mr. Solomon's friend, Mr. Zangwill, in his fine story of "The Master," when depicting the development of the artistic quality in his hero, places him, in the first instance, amidst the wild scenery of North America, and brings him by degrees to inhabit a London garret. Though, for-



Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.

From a painting by himself, 1900.

tunately for himself, Mr. Solomon at no period in his career was under the necessity of taking anything more than a curious interest in the inside of a garret, there were garrets and squalor, architectural and human, all around him. Nor can we find anything in the business of his father, that of a respectable leather

manufacturer, that would account for our artist's triumphs in the domain of art. But, and this should be printed in capital letters, Mr. Solomon's mother was a native of Prague, in Bohemia, the home of many artists, musical and pictorial, and the inspiration of many others. Though of pure Jewish race, as became the mother of the President of the Macca-bean Society, Mrs. Solomon

no doubt brought with her to this country some of that genius which turns the marble, or shall I say boiled oil and yellow ochre, into life, and gave it to her son to fructify a hundred-fold.

Mr. Solomon's purely secular education was acquired in the academy of Mr. Thomas Whitford, M.A., supplemented by

private studies under the Rev. Mr. Singer. His artistic education began in 1876, when he was little more than fifteen years of age, at Heatherley's School of Art, in Newman Street; to be continued the year after in the schools of the Royal Academy, where he had for fellow students, amongst others, his friend Mr.

Hacker, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and Mr. La Thangue.

In 1879, through the kindness of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who took a great interest in the young artist, he was admitted into the very exclusive academy of M. Cabanel, in the Beaux Arts, in Paris. He made such progress here, and was so satisfied with the methods of his famous master, that he returned a

second time, after giving himself an opportunity of being dissatisfied with German methods in Munich. But in the interval he had made a tour through Italy and Holland, making himself, as may be well supposed, thoroughly acquainted with the separate and very distinct schools of the two countries. That



Laus Deo.

From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon, in the Royal Exchange.



Mrs. Jules de Moray.

From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1900.

the Latin influence predominated, a glance even at the pictures which we reproduce will show, though there may be a touch of the Dutchman's fondness for still life in the placid figure of the armoured knight depicted in "Equipped." On his return to England, he exhibited his first picture—the portrait of a gentleman—in the Royal Academy. After that, in company with Mr. Hacker, he made a pilgrimage to the shrines of Velasquez and Murillo, re-
 velling, as every artist must, in the many magnificent specimens of the work of these great masters to be found in Madrid. But, strangely enough—and this is indeed strange—Mr. Solomon does not seem to have been tempted by anything he saw, to encroach on the domain of the landscape painter. Not even for a background has he utilised any of those magnificent old Moorish palaces of Central and Southern Spain, with their shady patios, traceried balconies, and romantic azoteas. Not even the old palace of Granada—

*Que arrulan mansamente el
 Darro y el Genil—*

had been able to divert him from the path which he had marked out for himself—that of a portrait and figure painter. From Spain the two companions passed on to Morocco, where Mr. Solomon had great difficulty in inducing any of the

Moors to perform the rôle of model. But in the end he succeeded in overcoming these Saracenic scruples, as he has succeeded in everything else he has undertaken, and the result has been the series of gracefully draped figures which have year after year added a brightness and character of their own to the Royal Academy exhibitions. On his return home he exhibited a portrait of Dr. Stevens in the Salon, and in the Royal Academy a work called "Waiting," which, though it did not bring him fame, was highly praised at the time, and is still more appreciated now. It was his second picture at the Academy, and was hung on the line.



Mr. Israel Zangwill.

*From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon,
 Royal Academy, 1894.*

Desiring to make further studies amongst the Moors, and, let us hope, admiring the languid looks and dark eyes of the Sultanas, Mr. Solomon went to Algiers, and here in his garden beyond the Kashla, and overlooking the

Bay of Trafalgar, he painted on a canvas six feet high his well-known picture "Ruth and Naomi." The picture, however, which first brought him fame, or, as he himself modestly puts it, "made a little stir," was "Cassandra," a painting in which the figures stand out with the distinction of statuary, and which demonstrated to the world at large that in Mr. Solomon England had found a painter who was destined to play an important part in the



Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.

From the painting by Prince Pierre Tronietsho

artistic life of the present generation. Indeed, as Mr. Solomon is still a young man—just forty, in fact—I might have added “and the next generation.” After

mere comet of a season, but, in every-day language, had come to stay. To go through a full catalogue of Mr. Solomon's more recent works would be entirely gratuitous—

they are known to everyone who takes an interest in art. His portrait of Zangwill is considered by all competent judges to be amongst the very finest works of the kind produced — at any time. For Zangwill's face is not easy to paint. It is not only that there is a dreaminess, a far-off-ness in the eyes, which it is very difficult to catch, but there is indicated, rather than marked, on the face a countless number of lines, which one would think impossible to paint, and yet without which the picture would fail as a portrait.

But here we have Zangwill himself, a real child of the Ghetto, and a genius to boot. In the portrait of Mrs. Jules de Meray, one of the artist's more recent works, we have another example of Mr. Solomon's skill in depicting the human countenance. The subject, for the reason above indicated, was not so difficult as in the



Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Paula Tanqueray.

From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A. Royal Academy.

this came “Samson,” a painting of almost appalling energy, which convinced the critics, if they ever had any doubt on the subject, that the new artist was not the

case of Zangwill, but those who know the original say that in delicacy of colouring in depicting, not only the complexion, but the sympathetic expres-



"Samson."

From the picture by Solomon J. Solomon, in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Exhibited in Royal Academy, 1887, and the Paris Exhibition, 1889.

sion of the whole face, Mr. Solomon was as successful in one portrait as in the other.

But about the interview! Well, really, our artist does not like to be interviewed, and it was only as a special favour to THE LUDGATE that he would say anything about himself.

I called upon him by appointment at his house in the Finchley Road. He received me very courteously, and, the evening being more than sultry, he invited me into a pretty lawn at the back of the house, shut off by trees from the world, the devil, and all his works and pomps. Then Mr. Solomon came to the wise conclusion that, being a journalist, I would not object to a whisky and soda. I didn't.

"Now, what do you wish me to tell you?" he asked. "Am I to begin by saying that I am a genius, and that I hope one day to be President of the Royal Academy?"

"One point has been settled already," I answered, "and the other thing might easily come to pass. But, tell me, have you always intended to be an artist, and

did you draw caricatures of your teachers?"

"I believe I have always wished to be an artist. At any rate, though I am very fond of horses, I have no recollection of wishing to be a 'bus driver or a circus rider, and—I did once draw a caricature of my French master."

Then Mr. Solomon gave me a colourless catalogue of his works, and the particulars of his voyages, which I have enumerated above.

"You are a Jew, sir, I presume?" I asked, needlessly enough, though the artist looks as much like a Gentile as any man in London.

"Do you remember the politician who accused his opponent, whose name was something like Smith Jones, of having two surnames and no Christian name? Well, I have three Jewish names and no Christian name, and what I am prouder of than of anything else, I have been for nine years President of the Maccabean Society!"

"The object of which is?"

"Well, for one thing, to help to preserve the purity of the Jewish race, and

in a general way to look after the moral interests of our people."

"Are you an influential body?"

"Many of the best men of our religion in London are members of the Society!"

"By the way, I have heard that Mr. Zangwill is a friend of yours. What do you think of the artistic theories enunciated in his book, 'The Master'?"

"My best answer to that question is that Mr. Zangwill, whilst writing the book, often came to consult me on some points on which he might doubt his own judgment."

"I have been looking at your picture of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and I notice that the face seems illumined by the upward glow from the foot-lights, as if it were painted in the theatre."

"Yes, that is so; for I had a stage erected in my studio, lit in the same way as that of the St. James's stage."

This picture, which we reproduce, is one of—if not the finest portrait of an actress painted during the past decade, and it represents Paula Tanqueray as

she appeared before us in the third act. As will be seen, the passionate expression of an unutterable anguish and the pose of the figure are very pathetic, and instinct with human interest.

"How do you find inspiration for your works?"

I went on.

"By knocking things about!"

I thought this was a hint for me to go, but I ventured to ask if he had ever done any black and white work.

"Not much. I have done a couple of illustrations to Zangwill's 'Joseph the Dreamer' for 'The Graphic,' as well as 'The Turkish Messiah' for the same paper."

"Never tried your hand at caricature?"

"Never!"

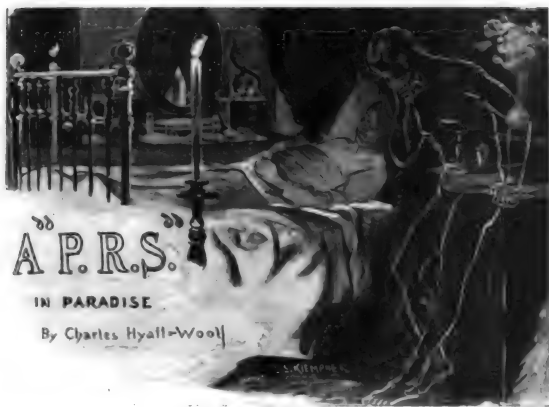
And I thought, as I saw the keen sense of humour in the eyes, the rippling lines of the mouth, with a momentary droop of the firm under-lip, that the artist was thinking

he could make a caricature of myself if he wished, but that through sheer good nature he refrained. At any rate, he gave me the impression that he could have succeeded in any branch of art he chose to adopt.



Equipped.

From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon.



"A.P.R.S."

IN PARADISE

By Charles Hyall-Woolf

I WAS alone, at last. Alone, if I except the presence of the corpse lying on the bed there, the corpse that had once been me. It seemed very lonely after the assiduous attentions of the past few days; very dreary indeed, without the correct and incessant tending of my wife, who had hovered about me, seeking to minister to my every want, while the gross thing over yonder had sought to retain me within itself with such prodigious energy that I marvelled as to its source.

I found myself wishing even that Sir John Gore might enter with his professional pomposity and break the monotony of the room. I chuckled when I thought how he had been cheated. It was but an hour ago that he had penned a prescription, a variant of many that had preceded it, and given to afford the impression of energy aroused on behalf of his illustrious patient. His last words were that nothing need be feared, that the dose would induce a pleasant somnolence, that in the morning I should be convalescent, that in a week I should

be well and ready to preside at the forthcoming soir  e of the Royal Society.

I think I could even have welcomed my wife's lap dog, which had snarled itself out of the room, when I had come in contact with it after wresting myself free from the partner of my mundane life. I felt so intolerably isolated; the sense of desertion irritated me.

I expected myself to do something. I did not know what. I knew I no longer appertained to the room where my body lay. Since my death I had felt attracted to it as by the force of gravity. Now, I was impelled to move on. I passed through the door, and not knowing where to go I descended the stairs.

I paused on a landing, waiting for the initiative which in life had been supplied by my body. But no suggestion came. Then I entered a room. Three women were there. My wife, my daughter, and another woman.

My wife was sobbing. Presently she said to the other woman, the strange one, "You can make the skirt with a box



Then I entered a room. Three women were there.

pleat, and finish it with a shaped flounce of crêpe."

The woman replied, "It will look very handsome, your ladyship."

I hurriedly left and wandered about the staircases and the landings and the vestibule, avoiding everyone, now and again urged by that old indefinable force to revisit the frigid body that had been mine.

It distressed me that I had lost all sense of time. By-and-bye, I met some men labouring down the stairs; on their shoulders they bore my body encased in

a coffin. I followed them closely as they placed it in a hearse and drove off, ultimately reaching a cemetery. Many people were assembled. The coffin was reverently lowered into the hole that had been prepared for it. The earth was cast in, the collect uttered, and the priest said a few impressive words concerning my many virtues and public services. Then all those who had been present hurried away discussing various matters.

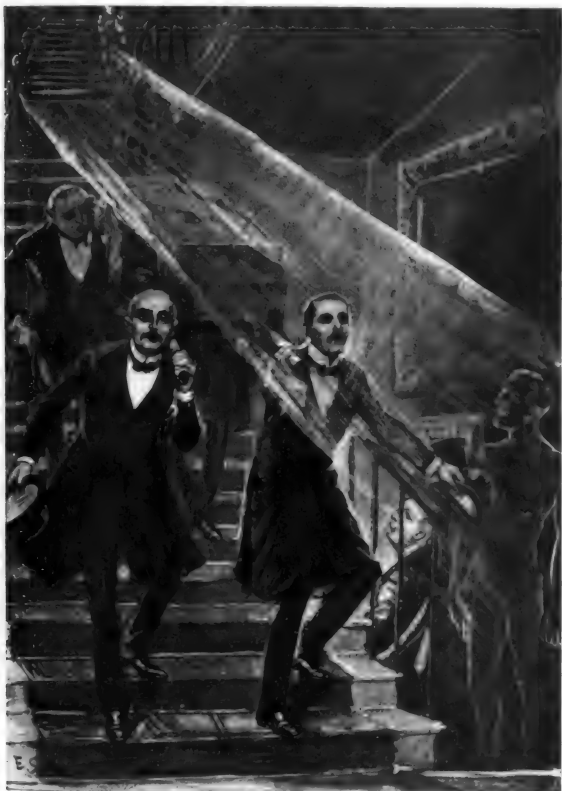
Left to myself, I remained where I had been, within the rails of a neighbouring tomb, to think and await eventualities.

A fragment of glass lying on a grave arrested my attention. It was prism-shaped, and the sunlight passing through it cast gaudy-coloured streaks on the stone. I noticed that the bands were not identical with those of solar light. There were additional lines, evidently due to the fact that I was acting as a screen to the sun's rays and absorbing them. I was astonished at the wonderful definition and vividness of the spectrum

I saw. The shifting lines forced on me the knowledge that my own constitution was changing. I had, it could be deduced from my varying spectrum, originally consisted of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon, but the grosser elements—those most relatively subject to the pull of gravity—were gradually leaving me, and now there were indications of little but the gas, methane. I had further evidence of these deductions in my decreasing weight, which impelled me to leave the ground, and gradually ascend until I had pierced the attenuated outer

edge of air, and found myself expanding in the rarer atmosphere beyond.

course in some intelligent fashion. What I took to be a planet attracted my



On their shoulders they bore my body encased in a coffin.

It occurred to me that I ought to think in order to shape my future attention, but my first effort to divert my path in its direction convinced me

that I was subject to some other power than my own. Reflection showed me that some force corresponding to terrestrial gravity, but sympathetic to the lighter gases, had me in its toils, and was drawing me, I knew not whither.

My surroundings gradually grew more and more heated, my own bulk continued to extend, and in a short while I entered a zone of incandescent gases. It was marvellous they did not absorb me. And now there were forked flames, their bases arising from what in the place whence I had come would have been styled *terra firma*, but which was here molten matter, probably liquefied metals. Nevertheless, it served the purpose of a resting place for myself and thousands of others like myself, who were travelling in all directions.

I recognised many of the forms, notwithstanding their gaseous condition, as appertaining to persons I had known on earth. I moved on as I saw those others doing, and wandered for unknown time and over unknown space. I spoke to some I met, if the buccal signs by which language is expressed in a sphere where there are no sound vibrations can be described as speech; for we merely moved our mouths in ghostly but significant manner, such, in fact, as is the accompaniment of speech in live men.

I came across Lord Blazacre, the Tory Premier, who had died some months before my own demise.

He enquired if the people were still held together by the British Empire.

I answered him that the Empire was now held together by the people.

My companion directed me to where I could find a set of men who, like myself, had devoted their lives to scientific pursuits. But the landmarks he mentioned were not of the nature to prove useful to me, as I had not yet mastered their peculiarities, and it seemed an age of misery ere I happened on those I sought. They were a group of gaseous phantoms, horribly distended by the intense heat, as was I myself, and suffering an indefinable misery, their incapacity to give any permanence to the ideas they evolved adding to the torment.

Among them I discovered my old friend Sir Theophilus Wrightson, who had preceded me in the presidency of the Royal Society. Strangely enough, he accepted my advent as a matter of course, and introduced me to Sir Arthur Magnet, the famous engineer, and Mr. Winfield, who had likewise in his day presided over the destinies of the Society. Indeed, this particular quarter of the strange world in which I found myself appeared to be inhabited by a coterie of Royal-Society Presidents and their friends. It was pleasant enough company, although tedious withal, owing to the impossibility of following any pursuit.

At least, however, we were able to discuss subjects of interest; and Sir Theophilus informed me that others who had made a practice of traversing the place on which we rested, had discovered that it was not invariably a land of flame. There were parts where a hard if arid crust had formed.

"Would it not be possible," I asked, "for us to find this spot?" I felt that anything would be preferable to our present condition.

Sir Theophilus and the others agreed to this, and we set forth, a large party. In the course of our peregrinations, I determined that we were on a sphere whose gaseous core was enveloped in more or less molten matter, from which, in one hemisphere only, sprang vast flames, such as I had at first encountered. Elsewhere, there was a great tendency for this molten mass, as I had been told, to form a crust.

We pushed on, and ultimately found ourselves on a vast tract of this formation.

The heat was now somewhat less intense than it had been, and our figures shrank to more human dimensions. I suggested that here would be an opportunity for practical scientific work. And for long we debated ways and means.

Meanwhile, some of our party, who, with what I may term the condensation of their forms, had acquired considerable strength of unknown source, engaged



"There would be no death so long as we maintained our atmospheric conditions."

themselves with turning over the various strata of our planet's covering. They found immense deposits of iron. Then a brilliant idea occurred to me.

"Why," I demanded of my companions, "should we not attempt to convert the prodigious heat with which we are surrounded, into some other form of energy that would be more serviceable to us?"

"Why, in short," I argued, "should we not, with such vast resources, establish a gigantic cold chamber as a home?"

The idea was received with approval.

"Who knows," I continued, "but what in such a paradise we might not ultimately so evolve as to again realise a culture and a civilisation resembling that to which we have all been accustomed!"

Sir Theophilus was evidently smitten with the idea. I saw him tremble with excitement, as he added, "Aye, and we should be the arbiters of our own fates. There would be no death so long as we maintained our atmospheric conditions."

Others conveyed their expressions of approval equally enthusiastically; others vaguely hinted at similar efforts that had been made in the past, and with dire consequences.

Machines and tools were constructed with an energy that would have done credit to beings of considerable muscular power.

As we proceeded, thousands, and then millions, of our fellows gathered to the work, and the labour of organisation devolved on me.

Powerful pumps began to erect their heads. The attenuated air had to be compressed and compelled to part with some of its heat; a medium had to be found to carry off that heat. This done, the air was allowed to expand, and we had intense cold, which was gradually communicated to the huge chamber we had constructed.

Eureka! We had succeeded. But how could we have failed to succeed with the united scientific knowledge of countless generations to guide us?

Our new home was ready for occupation by myriads, and they flocked in, a never-ending throng, although we excluded all save the workers.

Each had now, thanks to the frigid environment, assumed a more human shape, and many human devices were adopted to add pleasure to the monotony of our lives, which was soon to be strangely relieved.

Although we had little cognisance of the neighbouring planets, the inhabitants of one of these were quite *au fait* with our doings. They, too, had once dwelt on earth, but their lot was now a far pleasanter one than ours. In place of the fiery crucible in which we were cast, they had, we were shortly to learn, a habitation of singular beauty, equable in temperature and luxurious in the extreme. They devoted their time there to the voicing of pæans of praise and floating in the sunny atmosphere.

Their curiosity had been aroused by the marvels of our work; moreover, the perpetual summer-tide of their own realm chafed them by its dreary sameness; for, at first by twos and threes, then by tens and hundreds and thousands, they came floating into our home, for the most part to take up their abode. We welcomed the tinge of novelty they threw over all, with their gentle, womanly ways, for just as we were mostly men, so these new-comers from the other sphere were mostly fair women. They also appreciated community with us, many pairing with those of our planet—now and again meeting former mates—just as they had been wont to do in the old world.

It was paradise! Our life was revolutionised, but, unfortunately, at the cost of our undertaking. The cold chamber, through neglect, began to show signs of dissolution. The temper of the metal that composed our pumps was sorely tried, and now and again an ominous crack would cause us to remember the croakings of those who had prophesied vague disasters when our work was inaugurated.

Chaos came at last, the material of our home hotly streaming to join the molten flood that now well-nigh enveloped us. My gaseous body, suddenly plunged into this blasting heat, was released with great impetus from its condensed form. The expansion was so great and swift that I felt I was fated to be spread over the

whole universe of space. I lost all sense
of cosmic individuality.

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"You will observe," said Sir John
Gore, leaning over me and addressing my

wife, who presented a very distinguished
appearance in her white morning gown,
"the effects of the draught. I think in
a week he will be, as indeed I ventured
to prophesy, quite competent to preside
at the Royal Society."

REITERATION.

FROM out the long ago
There steals the beauty of a thought
A noble poet nobly wrought
Its every word I know,
And yet I read it o'er and o'er,
And every reading makes it more.

From out the dreamy past
A grand old air, a dear old strain,
Floats back to memory again,
And memory holds it fast,
And still I love its sound as much
As though not knowing every touch.

You love me. Yes, I know.
I know it well by life and death.
I know it by your latest breath
That whispered sweet and low.
Ah, me, the music of its vow!
O, sweetheart, say you love me now!

J. EDMUND V. COOKE.





A Chat about Siberia.

BY
WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

FROM Siberia to San Remo is a far cry, and Mr. Harry de Windt is perhaps better known in connection with the Frozen North than with the Sunny South. It is in Italy, however, that he is taking a well-earned rest before embarking upon his next land-journey from New York to Paris. Few men can give sounder advice as regards Siberian travel, and being about to traverse that famous land of exile as special correspondent of "The Daily Mail" and "The New York Herald," I recently visited the well-known explorer at his new home on the outskirts of San Remo. His villa is charmingly situated in the midst of grey olive groves and bright carnation fields, while its pretty gardens overlook a glorious panorama with the blue and sparkling Mediterranean for a background.

"This kind of life must be a pleasant contrast to some of your Arctic experiences!" I remarked, as after a dainty déjeuner we chatted over cigarettes and liqueurs in my host's sunlit verandah.

"You may well say that," he replied, with a humorous smile; "at least as regards Northern Alaska and the shores of Behring Straits. But I am sure that

you will be agreeably surprised when you get to Siberia. I mean as regards the discomforts of travel. Even twelve years ago, when I first crossed the country, they were greatly exaggerated by the few Englishmen who had been there."

"I suppose you had to drive in those days?"

"The whole way, from the Chinese frontier to Tomsk. The post houses were, of course, very dirty, and black bread and eggs were about all one could get, while constant delays made progress very slow. The Great Post Road scarcely deserved the name. In wet weather it was a morass; in dry, the thick, grey dust was up to the axles, and the centre track was often so cut up by caravans as to render wheel traffic quite impossible. The drivers then diverged to the sides, where tree-stumps, watercourses, and felled logs occasionally overturned us. I often wondered our 'Tarantass' did not come to pieces long before we reached Tomsk. No European carriage would have held together for a day."

"And I suppose at night the roads were pretty dangerous?"

"You mean as regards robbers? Well, yes, in parts, on account of the escaped convicts, of which there is always a moving population of several hundreds. They escape in the spring-time from prison, roam about the country all through the summer, and give themselves up when the winter sets in. The practice is more or less winked at by the authorities, for the runaways can't leave the country."

"I suppose they would be roughly handled if caught by the Russian settlers?"

"On the contrary. Drive through any Siberian village at dusk, and you will see black bread and a bowl of milk set out by every door. These are for any 'Brodyaga' (as the fugitives are called) who may be in want of food. The berries they get in the forest are not very sustaining, but at night they are thus generally sure of a good square meal. The practice is known and permitted by the Government."

"Then you did not drive the whole way from China to Europe?"

"No; at Tomsk, half-way across Asia, a comfortable steamer took us into civilisation at Tiumen, and the Volga boats down to Nijni Novgorod are equal to any American river steamer. No, it was not much of a journey even then," added de Windt; "and you will, of course, do it almost luxuriously as far as Irkoutsk in the Trans-Siberian Railway, where there are dining-cars, libraries, barber shops, and even pianos on board. Your only trouble now will be the mosquitos. They are terrible in summer-time."

"But I suppose some parts of Siberia are still very tough travelling?"

"Siberia is a large place," was the indubious reply. "For instance, there is as much difference between Irkoutsk, say, and the settlement of Oumwaidjik, where we were stranded on Behring Straits, as between Paris and an African Kraal. Irkoutsk is a fine city, with large hotels, tramways, electric light, and capital theatres and restaurants; Oumwaidjik, a collection of filthy walrus-hide huts, occupied by the most debased savages I have ever seen. At Irkoutsk, you may

live as well as in Paris; at Oumwaidjik, our daily menu was walrus or seal meat, and precious little of that. The natives there have never even heard of the Tsar, but regarded the few American whalers who visited them in summer as their only rulers. It was a very queer place. I believe there is now a Russian Government official up there."

"I suppose Oumwaidjik is unapproachable in winter?"

"By water, absolutely so. The ice in Behring Sea forms late in October, and does not disappear again until the following June."

"You had a narrow escape up there?"

"The tightest place I was ever in. I shudder even now when I think of it," laughingly replied my host, draining his Chartreuse as if to dispel the unpleasant memory. Mr. de Windt is full of genuine bonhomie, and a thorough-going Bohemian. "But you are not going so far north as that," he went on, "so we need not discuss it. I do hope, however, that you will contrive to get as far as Sakhalin. The island is, penally speaking, the 'New Siberia,' and its prisons are therefore of special interest."

Here I ventured to express some surprise at the readiness with which the Russian authorities had granted me leave to visit the place in question.

"It does not astonish me in the least," resumed Mr. de Windt; "there is no secrecy about the Russian exile system—never was. When I first went through the prisons of Western Siberia in 1890 I might, for all the authorities knew, have been another Kennan in disguise, and yet I went everywhere, saw everything I wanted to. Again in 1894 I was not only allowed free access to the famous political prison of Akatui, but travelled to Sakhalin in a convict ship with over 800 prisoners in the holds, which I visited when I liked, by night or day. I can assure you that the Russian penal system is the most humane in the world. Many nations might take a lesson from it to advantage."

"What did Mr. Kennan think of Sakhalin?"

"Mr. Kennan has never been there. I wish he had, for he might then have

found reason to retract some of his unfavourable statements as to Russian prison life."

"But I have heard that on board these convict ships men are kept in cages, and that, on arrival at the island, some of them are chained to wheelbarrows for life, to say nothing of being occasionally flogged by the terrible 'Plet,' which you yourself admit is still used here, if not on the mainland?"

Here my host laughed outright. "Cages!" he exclaimed. "Cages, indeed! Would you be so inhuman as to confine them in anything else on a tropical voyage? Your terrible 'cages,' my dear sir, are used for the sake of coolness. Imagine solid walls of wood or iron in the Red Sea! As for the wheelbarrow, I admit that it is a terrible punishment that should, in my opinion, be abolished, but, at the same time, you must remember that only the most desperate criminals are sent to Sakhalin. There is not a 'political' on the island. The 'Plet,' too, is a ghastly weapon, but this, also, is only inflicted in cases of murder, for there is no capital punishment except for regicide in Russia. The Governor himself assured me that if the 'Plet' were done away with the life of every official on Sakhalin would be in jeopardy."

"You say that there are no political exiles on Sakhalin? Where, then, are they sent to in Siberia?"

"Everything depends on the offence. A man may be sent from Russia just over the Asiatic frontier for six months or less for a seditious

article, just as, for murder, he may be transported to Akatui, almost in China. You will, of course, visit Akatui, which is the only *political prison* in Siberia. Of course there are settlements in the far north used for political deportation, but they do not concern us. Besides, they are not prisons in the ordinary sense of the word, but merely places of residence where an exile lives in comparative liberty."

"Then there are no political exiles in the larger Siberian towns?"

"Oh! dear, yes. You meet them every day, of all ranks and professions. Doctors, lawyers, hotel-keepers, and tradesmen of all kinds are allowed to settle down as soon as their actual term of imprisonment is over, and earn a living as they best may. Some become farmers; others return to Russia; many



Mr. H. de Windt at home.

become rich. But only the worst offenders are condemned to perpetual banishment from Europe."

"But I suppose the life at Akatui, for instance, is very hard?"

"Well, a prison is never a nice place for an educated man, and nearly all the politicals I saw at Akatui were of that class. There were very few of them—about a hundred in all—and I was allowed to visit them alone, and to converse freely on any subject but politics. Of course, they worked in the mines during the day-time, but they returned to the prison (about a mile away from the shaft) for the midday meal, and slept there at night. The old fable of men being immured for life underground is happily exploded. In fact, the practice never existed but in the minds of sensational novelists."

All my cherished notions regarding this great mysterious land were indeed vanishing into thin air. Mr. de Windt resumed:

"Pray do not think I take an over rosy view of the exile question. Like everything else, it has its dark side. Many of the prisons and 'Etapes' were at one time very much overcrowded, and a good deal of suffering and disease naturally ensued. But this was some years ago, and this evil is now to a great extent remedied. Again, at Akatui, one Gottze, a prominent Socialist undergoing a life sentence, complained bitterly of being compelled to sleep in a public ward with ordinary criminals, although he admitted that during the day-time a room was set apart for the exclusive use of politicals, where they could write, read, or receive any relations (once a week) who had accompanied them into exile, and lived in a neighbouring village. Minor, another exile, said that, as regards



In the garden at San Remo.

food and treatment, there was little to complain of, and that the mining work was not unduly severe. Parcels of books frequently arrived for him and his fellow prisoners, and they were permitted to send and receive letters once a month, of course subject to the Governor's inspection. So you see the tragic accounts you have heard in England of outrages on political prisoners are, to put it mildly, exaggerations!"

"I believe your statements have been verified of recent years by other travellers?"

"I am glad to say they have," said de Windt, with a smile. "It was not pleasant at first to be publicly pilloried as a perverter of the truth! But Dr. Lansdell, Major Pemberton, Julius Price, of 'The Illustrated London News,' and especially Mr. Young Simpson, of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' all more or less

share my favourable views on the Siberian exile system. Mr. Kennan is (so far as I know) uncorroborated, except by his travelling companion, and some of the exiles themselves, who can scarcely be called unbiassed witnesses!"

"Now, how about the climate? Shall I need any furs?"

"You will find it almost too warm to be pleasant," said my host. "That is in the day-time, but the nights are cold, although a thick overcoat and rug will be all you will want until the end of August. The climate during summer is the most perfect in the world, or would be if it were not for the mosquitos. They are a perfect pest, so mind you take plenty of netting for your face and hands."

"I believe I shall pass through some interesting gold districts?"

"Undoubtedly, for gold is found in large quantities all around Akatui, but the most productive mines are those near Yeneseisk, Kansk, and the sources of the Great Lena River; also by Yuz and Abakansk, in Southern Siberia. The rent of a Siberian mine is absurdly low. The Yuz goldfield, for instance, a tract of land five versts long by four broad, is hired at only 300 roubles a year. On the other hand, the royalty is high, and labour was very dear. It will now undoubtedly become cheaper, thanks to the railway."

"Are there any millionaire mine owners?"

"I know of two men living round Krasnoyarsk who made two million pounds sterling in less than two years. At Irkoutsk you will find a Mr. Trapéznikoff worth his four millions at the very least. But hitherto the ground has only been scratched. Siberia only needs opening up to become the richest mining country in the world."

At this juncture Mrs. de Windt appeared to remind her husband that the carriage was at the door. The explorer's young and pretty wife will accompany him on the first stage of his next great

journey. "And it will be his last," she smilingly assured me, and when I looked around me at this bright and beautiful home and its charming hostess, I could well believe it.

"I am glad to have so many gruesome ideas dispelled," I said, as we shook



In Arctic dress.

hands in farewell; "although I have always had an idea that Siberia is not so black as it has been painted."

And so, mutually wishing each other "good-bye" and "bon voyage," we parted, agreeing to meet again in San Remo in two years' time.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.



"DEAR OLD DICK,—

"On the 26th, at 8 o'clock sharp, we have the Chillingtons and Ords to dine with us. Your place will be kept for you. I'll take no excuse, as I'm short of lions just now, and a Lady-smith siege man will be better than nothing; I don't count the dear old Professor. There, now; don't take offence! I have a charming girl for you to take down! *Don't fail*, or you'll drive me to an early grave!

"Yours in haste, and always with love,
"MINNIE."

This was from my cousin, Minnie Ardell, for whom I at one time was supposed to have a peculiar tenderness. I felt I could hardly refuse, especially after the deep, thick dash under "*don't fail*," and the distracting allusion to "an early grave."

Thus it came to pass that the evening of the 26th found me at 8 o'clock sharp in Minnie's drawing-room, the last to arrive, I grieve to say; I usually am the last, though in point of size, at all events, not always the least.

It was an excellent dinner, and the girl whom I took down certainly de-

served the description of "charming" which Minnie had applied to her.

All the guests were strangers to me. My companion, however, in an amusing, chatty manner gave me all the information I needed about them.

There were only one or two who interested me very much. First of all, that beautiful, sad-faced girl at the end of the table, who was she?

"Ah! is she not beautiful? That is the Professor's daughter."

"Who is the Professor, and what does he profess?" I asked.

"The Professor sits exactly opposite to us," said my companion in a lowered tone; "and he professes—well, I really don't know what, I'm not a learned person, you know; he is called the Professor. But he is certainly a wonderful man. People say he has a sixth sense!"

"A sixth sense! And what does it teach him?" I asked, laughing.

"It teaches him things, and gives him ideas that ordinary people don't have," she said slowly; and then she added, to my surprise, in almost a whisper, "Don't laugh, he is looking at you, and I really believe he knows your thoughts."

"He is, I suppose, a clever man, somewhat in advance of his time?" I said; "and people of that sort are always looked upon as being somewhat mysterious. But as to having a sixth sense, of course you are not serious in imagining that he could have, are you?"

I looked across the table as I spoke, and caught the eye of the Professor.

His certainly was a wonderful face, and the likeness to his daughter was most striking. They each had the same large, dark eyes, which seemed to tell, if I may so describe them, of excessive inner life. They were a sort of outward evidence of some strong hidden power or knowledge. It was not merely that the expression in them was thoughtful, it was more than that; the thoughtfulness was alive and active, not dreamy and passive, as is the case with the expression of so many serious faces one sees. This peculiarity was far more pronounced in the father than in his child. Their features were alike, but his colour was blanched, and his hair dead white, while she had a beautiful rich carmine complexion, and her hair was raven black.

I said that I caught the Professor's eye as I looked across the table. In doing so, I was conscious of experiencing the most extraordinary sensation that I think I ever felt in my life. It seemed to me that I was being drawn out of myself. That part of me which is I and no other, call it by what name you will, the soul, the intelligence, the life, the consciousness—that part of me seemed, I say, to be drawn out of my body and attracted towards the Professor. And the most strange part of the extraordinary dream or illusion was that I was conscious of seeing, from the Professor's side of the table, my own self at the opposite side. My eyes seemed to be fixed on the Professor, and they had in them an expression which seemed to denote arrested enquiry. I could even see the girl beside me looking at me with grave, and almost anxious eyes.

The whole illusion, for I did not believe it to be anything more, only lasted for a few seconds, and was perhaps more like a sudden flash of vivid imagination than anything I could possibly describe

with reason. I came to myself with a slight start, and, turning, found my companion's grave eyes fixed upon my face.

"I should like very much to know," she said earnestly, "what you have experienced?"

I passed my hand across my eyes for a second, for I felt dazed. "Why do you imagine I have experienced anything?" I asked.

"Because I felt just now as if you had suddenly left the table," she said, "and when I looked round and saw your face, you looked dead!"

"But you see I am quite alive and well," I said, laughing. "However, there must be some strong magnetic power in the eyes of your Professor, for while looking at him I had a most extraordinary thought. I thought that I went across to his side of the table quite suddenly, and looked back here to where I had been sitting with you."

"Yes, and then—?"

"Then nothing. I saw myself, and you looking at me with an expression of intense interest in your eyes; an expression," I added, bowing to her gallantly, "which, to be able to call up at will, would give me great happiness."

"Oh, never mind that," she said, with a charming smile and a slight rise of colour.

"But do tell me more; what do you think of the sixth sense now? How do you account for it?"

"The sixth sense? I don't account for it; there isn't such a thing."

"But this experience; this—what shall I call it—?"

"This illusion," I interrupted; "pray call it that, for it is nothing more. And although the whole thing was very vivid, it was really nothing but imagination."

"That is so like a man!" she said, with a pretty air of disdain; "they only believe just exactly what they can prove; and, pray, isn't it possible that many things may be true which can't be proved?"

"Quite possible, but we are not bound to believe anything that we can't prove!"

"I often wonder," she said, half to herself, "if we shall ever really know or have the means of understanding all the

strange things by which we may be at present surrounded, although unconscious of them?"

"A Christian of long ago would have answered emphatically 'yes' to that, though in our times, which are so full of honest agnosticism, atheism, and general restlessness of mind, one might hesitate," I said.

"Yes, and what a comfort it must have been to those old Christians to be able to believe things so simply and thoroughly," she rejoined, as she rose slowly to follow her hostess from the dining-room.

I had no opportunity of speaking to the Professor while at the dining-table. Later on, however, in the drawing-room, observing him to be for the moment alone, I approached him with the intention of speaking. He was looking through a portfolio of pictures of all sorts—some mere sketches in pencil, others little, highly-finished gems in water-colour, while a few engravings made the collection complete.

He looked up and smiled as I drew near.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir," he said. "I have heard much of you from our charming hostess."

"Indeed! I thought I had been almost forgotten. You have found something of interest there?" I enquired, as he paused for a second over one of the pictures.

"Of interest? Yes, surely. The ideals of perfection conceived by human beings must be for ever of interest to us. This is beautiful!"

I glanced at the sheet he held in his



"A sixth sense! And what does it teach him?"
I asked, laughing.

hand. It was a very finely executed steel engraving of a celebrated picture of the Christ.

"This is beautiful," he repeated again softly. "One could almost believe. Here in this face one may see a limitless capacity for love, just what a God should be capable of. See! and what a calm prescience! The expression is as if He saw into that which we call Eternity, without let or hindrance from the barriers of Time. Ah! it was a great conception!"

I am not an irreligious man, but I have never been prone to talk of my most sacred feelings on these subjects in public, and so for the moment, not quite knowing what to say, I said nothing. He seemed to expect me to speak, how-

ever, and presently laying his wonderful, long, white hand on my coat sleeve, he said slowly:

"For years I have been in search of this God men talk of, but have never found Him. He has not been in the 'Whirlwind' or the 'Fire'—nor yet in the 'still, small voice,' for me. Say, my friend, have you found Him?"

Anything more unlike the revival preacher (with whom I have been accustomed to associate these personal questions on religious matters) than was this beautiful old Professor, can scarcely be imagined. He was so gentle! and in spite of his world-famed intellect, so simple! He looked straight at me as he spoke. Such a look of pained, pathetic anxiety!

Seeing my slight hesitation (of which in presence of such a mind as his I was already ashamed), he interrupted me as I was about to speak.

"No, no, you shall not speak unless you like. And you English are reserved; you like not to speak of these things. In my country, you know, it is our way to speak of everything. I pray you to forgive me."

He said this with an air so truly courteous, that I felt more than ever ashamed of my English reserve, and answered:

"Not at all, Professor; I have no objection whatever to replying to your question. You ask me have I found Him, and I reply I believe in Him."

"Ah!" The thoughtful expression was, if possible, more intensified. His eyes seemed to pierce mine. He looked as if he wished to search every nook and cranny of my being with those wonderful, spirit-like orbs.

"Ah! And you look capable of forming a sound judgment," he said, half to himself. "Tell me, my friend—I ask it in all reverence—where did you find Him, and how?"

I paused, scarcely knowing how to express myself, I was so utterly unaccus-



Seeing my slight hesitation, he interrupted me as I was about to speak.

tomed to this sort of conversation. I had always had a sort of vague belief, which was practically no belief, in the existence of a God, until those three nights spent in the silent veldt alone.

"You have perhaps read a book called 'Trooper Peter Halkett?'" I asked him by way of answer.

He smiled. "A much maligned little offering to the world of literature, for me it has true pathos. But what of it, my friend? A woman's idea of divine perfection, this long, slow, patient waiting; it has touched you, eh?"

"Oh, I am not speaking of the merits of the book one way or the other," I replied. "It is the description of a night spent alone out in the veldt that I wish to recall to you; you remember? It is strongly written. Well, sir, I have spent three such nights, and my impression

was that I was never for a moment alone!"

"Oh! he had the same."

"I had so strong, so vivid an impression of an unseen Presence, that it is not easy to forget it. Sir, before that time I believed there was a God; then I felt there was."

"Ah! these impressions are usually transient, my friend. I have known them myself. They do not satisfy me."

He paused for a moment, and gazed abstractedly at the picture which lay before him on the table.

"The Soul alone can tell us what we want to know, could we but lift the veil and ask. Ah! and we shall! We are nearing the goal! My life's work is almost complete."

As he said this, the Professor's face, radiant with triumph, and transfigured with a soft glow of anticipated happiness, seemed to me to be beautiful.

But what on earth could he mean? "Lift the veil!" "Ask the Soul!" and "his life's work!" What was it?

I must confess that for the first time the unpleasant thought forced itself into my mind that the Professor must be mad. But it was only for the moment that such a thought remained. He was too widely known, and his undoubted, not to say extraordinary, talents were too fully recognised to make it possible to doubt his sanity.

Then, in a sudden flash, I remembered my curious sensations during dinner. I began to think that after all the Professor might have discovered some strange secret of Nature, not yet known to mankind generally, by which he hoped to arrive at other wonderful discoveries later on.

"You have strange powers, Professor!" I remarked.

"Yes," he answered, "but nothing to what I shall have. Listen, my friend; soon I

shall be able to ask the Soul for its secrets, and the Soul will reply to me."

Again I gazed at him astonished.

"It would be useless for me to pretend to understand you, Professor!"

"That is so, my young friend. But you will soon. All the world shall know. My preparations are complete. The great day is at hand when the trial will be made. My discovery will be tested, aye, and found to be all that I claim for it! I shall speak at last to the naked Soul, and it shall answer me. I shall ask of it, 'Where, then, is this great God?' and it shall tell me where."

He paused for a moment, a fire of enthusiasm shining through his eyes, and lighting up his whole face.

"I should like, of all things, to be present when this experiment is tried, Professor; would it be at all possible?" I asked.



"You are to be present when the experiment is tried, my father tells me."



The maid brought me in a note which she said had that moment arrived for me.

"It shall be possible," he replied somewhat hurriedly. "I shall speak to you again about this, for here comes now our sweet hostess, your charming cousin," and, turning suddenly, he advanced a few steps to meet her.

"The old Professor must not monopolise the hero of the evening," I heard him say as I moved away, and she made some laughing reply about there being heroes of the pen as well as "heroes of the sword," which seemed to give him great pleasure.

I did not speak to the Professor again that evening, but later on was destined to make his daughter's acquaintance in a somewhat curious manner.

She had been playing an accompaniment for my cousin, who sang gloriously. When the song was ended, and Minnie was receiving the well-earned congratulations of her friends, the accompanist, for whom I had been turning over the leaves, bowing her thanks to me, said in a low tone:

"You are to be present when the experiment is tried, my father tells me."

"Yes, indeed, he has promised me; I look upon it as a great honour. Are you, too, to be there?"

"I fear not," she said. To my sur-

prise, her voice faltered, and her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"Pray do not appear to notice me," she said hurriedly, "but tell me quickly, for I may not have another chance of asking you, is it true what they tell me, that you are a doctor?"

"I do not practise," I said, "although I have gone through the whole course and am doubly qualified."

"Thank God!" I heard her murmur. I was thoroughly surprised.

"Why do you ask such a question? Your manner tells me it is for no light reason," I ventured to say.

"Alas! no," she replied, while the tears brimmed over and fell slowly on the hands which lay idly crossed on her lap. "It is a very great relief to me to know that you are a medical man. Please don't look so distressed, it will attract attention; I shall be all right soon. Only I must beg of you most earnestly, although you will think it very strange, not to tell my father that you are a doctor!"

"You have but to mention that or any other wish, to ensure its being obeyed immediately," I replied.

She still sat on the piano stool, facing the piano; though slightly turned towards me, her back was to the rest of the guests.

I moved a step nearer, so as if possible to shield her still further from observation.

"You apprehend, I fear, some harm from this experiment?" I ventured to say. "Is there any way in which I can help you? If there is, please trust me. Believe me, I will most faithfully carry out your wishes; you may trust me implicitly!"

"I know it; I feel it!" she said, glancing gratefully at me. "But I can't speak; I must not! I dare not! You will see! You will be there! You will — alas! I fear you will

know all! But, oh! help me. Help me, if you can!"

These sentences were jerked out almost as if against her will. I could see that she was exercising strong self-control, and what man can see a beautiful woman in tears and not long to help her?

"Is it a matter in which a doctor's knowledge can be of use?" I asked. "I beg of you to tell me; believe me!"

"It is a matter of life and death," she interrupted in a low voice of concentrated agony; "say no more; say no more, for indeed—indeed I can't control myself!"

She was violently agitated. Her lips quivered piteously, and she bit them mercilessly in her endeavour to be calm. I was at my wits' end to know what to do, for a young man of splendid physique was hurriedly approaching the piano, with the evident intention of addressing the pianist.

I am sure I must have talked terrible rot, for seizing the song my cousin had just sung. I expatiated on its beauties for fully five minutes for his benefit.

He did not hear one word of what I said, I am convinced, for on my first pause to take breath, he bowed courteously, and, passing me abruptly, bent over the Professor's daughter, and, to my surprise, whispered something in her ear.

She had, however, regained her composure, which was all I wanted, and I was moving away, when, rising from the piano, she gently laid her hand on my arm and detained me.

"May I have the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Clavering?"

I bowed, and from the hearty grip of the hand which I received from that gentleman, felt sure that whatever conversation had passed between them, was at all events not to my detriment.

"We must be going now, I think!" she said. "My dear father's health is

very delicate, and he ought not to be out late."

"I should like to tell you," she added in a lower tone, "that Mr. Clavering will be present also at the experiment, but you shall hear from us. Good-bye, and many thanks."

"Good-bye; pray command me!" I murmured, and the next minute she was gone.



"This," said the Professor, "is where the great experiment will be tried."

Very soon afterwards I got away myself. I was anxious to be alone to think over the strange events of the evening. But think as I would, I could come to no satisfactory conclusion. The Professor was evidently thoroughly in earnest, and also had complete confidence in the success of his experiment. Where, then, was the danger?

It flashed across my mind that he might perhaps intend to experiment on

his daughter in some way, which would account for her evident terror. But no; he was passionately attached to her, and she to him, therefore that was out of the question; besides, she was not to be even present on the occasion.

I came eventually to the conclusion that he must intend to experiment on himself, and that she dreaded the trial for him, knowing the delicate state of health he was in. This surmise would also account for her satisfaction at hearing that I was a medical man. But why, then, should she so object to her father knowing the same? and what had Mr. Clavering to do with it all? Finding it utterly impossible to account for anything in this labyrinth of horrible possibilities, I put the whole thing out of my head as best I could. One thing alone was clear to me, and that was that she had asked for my help, and I determined that she should have it to the utmost of my ability, and even if necessary at the risk of my life.

The next day, after passing a restless night haunted by hideous dreams, I was finishing lunch, when the maid brought me in a note which she said had that moment arrived for me. It was from the Professor's daughter.

"It is to be this afternoon at three. Pray come on at once.—MARIE DE FAVART."

It was difficult to provide against a danger the nature of which was unknown to me. But after a moment's consideration, I put my brandy flask in one pocket, a small phial of ether in the other, and, adding a piece of lint and a bandage, I started.

The Professor lived in the suburbs, and after an hour's drive, I found myself, with a good twenty minutes to spare, at his house.

It was a detached house, and surrounded by gardens. It was small, but most luxuriously furnished. I could not hear my own footfall as I mounted the thickly carpeted stairs, and entered the drawing-room, after the servant had announced my name. It was a dark room, and for a moment I stood and looked round before finding a seat.

The sound of wild, agitated sobs fell upon my ear.

The room was a double one, and through the draped archway in the centre I saw at the further side, and with the light from a large bay window shining full upon them, Mr. Clavering and Made-moiselle de Favart.

They had evidently not heard my entrance.

She had thrown her arms round his neck, and was sobbing passionately, and he held her in a close and tender embrace, and seemed half beside himself to know how to comfort her.

"'Twill be but five minutes only, my dearest! Be brave, all will be right, I have no fear!"

"Oh! no, no!" she moaned in heart-broken accents. "'Twill be death—I know it! I feel it! I can't live without you! Oh! why, why did I ever consent! I was mad—mad—mad!"

"No, no, darling!" he said soothingly, "you know we both thought the shock might cure your poor father, and I have very great hopes, and no fears whatever; I can't let you talk like this; you used not to!"

"Ah, Guy, I didn't love you then as I do now. I love you!" she cried passionately, "I love you! I love you! I would die for you! Oh! if only he would try the experiment on me—"

"God forbid!" interrupted Mr. Clavering earnestly.

At this juncture I managed to make my presence known, by opening the door and letting it shut with a bang.

They started apart, and Mr. Clavering quickly advanced through the archway to meet me. At the same moment the Professor entered softly from behind.

"My dear fellow, I am glad to see you," said the former, while the Professor shook me cordially by the hand.

"Just in good time," he said smiling. "We are all here, all who are interested in this wonderful discovery, for you must know we have kept it a secret, and you, my dear friend, are the only one beside our three selves who know anything about it. Where is my little Marie?" he continued, looking round. "Would you believe it, my friend, she tried very hard to persuade me to have a doctor present; as if there was any need, and as if I hadn't had enough of them all

my life. As if," he went on, placing his arm affectionately through that of his future son-in-law, "as if I should dream of attempting anything that would hurt my dear boy. Oh! here she comes."

Mademoiselle de Favart came through the archway to greet me. She wore a loose-fitting gown of rose-coloured silk, and made a picture very fair to look upon. She was smiling bravely, although she could not quite remove all traces of her recent grief.

"No, no, my dear father, my fright has all gone. I am quite anxious about the experiment. Has Mr. Bertrand seen the laboratory yet? Suppose we all go down and examine everything before the experiment takes place. My father will explain all his plans to you," she went on, turning to me, "as you are so interested in them!"

The laboratory was in the garden, at the back of the house, and connected with it by a flight of steps and a long covered passage. It was a curious room. The whole of the centre of the roof was made of glass, and I noticed cords hanging down at the sides, by which the different sections could be moved backwards or forwards for airing purposes at will.

In the centre of the room stood an ordinary couch, with a movable head-piece which could be lowered or raised as required. It was surrounded to about the height of the sofa by an iron case, into which was fitted a great square cap of glass. The whole thing was about five feet high, and looked like a great glass tomb, from the ceiling of which inside hung a little iron saucer. On it a few chips of wood were burning.

"This," said the Professor, "is where the great experiment will be tried. On this couch Guy will recline, while I pour on this burning wood a few drops of the great essence which will revolutionise the world!"



I had raised the glass side as I spoke.

He unlocked a drawer at the side of the room as he spoke, and took from it a phial which contained some lightish, green-coloured liquid.

I took the little phial, and, as far as I could under the circumstances, examined the contents. The liquid had no smell. I put a drop of it on my tongue; it was like nothing I had ever tasted, and it left a very unpleasant feeling of contraction behind it.

"My friend," he continued, turning to me, "the contents of this little phial represent my life's work. Early and late, by night and by day, have I toiled to reduce to the state you now see it, that great power of Nature which as far supersedes electricity as the sun does the moon!

"You ask me what that power is? When this experiment has been tried, the information shall be given to the whole world—but till then no word of it shall pass my lips!

It cannot fail; I have guarded against all possibilities!

"You ask what I propose to do? I propose, by means of the inhalation of this liquid, to reduce to something finer than gossamer, than cobweb, for the time being, that gross material veil which hangs between the soul and our senses. Then I shall question the soul, for the soul knows all things, and in the absence of this veil, of which I spoke, will be able to impress its answer on the brain, and the brain will transmit its message to my ear; do you follow me?"

I nodded, intensely interested, but I must confess somewhat sceptical. He saw my feeling at once, his quick eyes took in everything.

Coming close to me, he laid a hand on either shoulder, and smiling at me said, "My friend, do you not know that we are in our knowledge but on the outside fringe of the great wonders of Nature? Because we understand a little about heat and cold, light, motion, electricity, and so forth, do you imagine that we have exhausted Nature? I tell you, my friend" (his voice rose, and he looked inspired), "there are powers that we do not dream of, aye, that our brains are not big enough yet even to think of without splitting to atoms! There are powers, I say, that even to dream of will be counted madness in the dreamer! Aye! madness! and I—I—the first dreamer, will be the first martyr! 'Twas ever so in the history of this world!"

He seemed to be overcome by his thoughts, and I noticed that though he tried to conceal the action, he pressed his hand on his side for a second as if in pain.

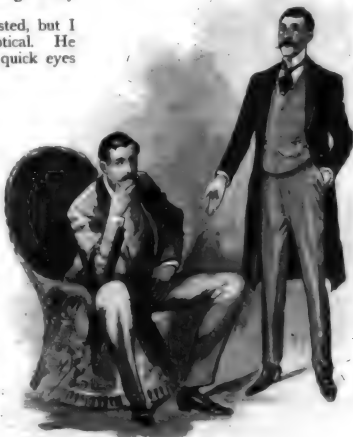
"Father! you are not well," cried Mademoiselle de Favart anxiously. "You are not well enough for this today. Wait one day more — one day can make no difference!"

"Not one day! Not one hour! But even now it must be done," he said. "My son, are you ready?"

"Will you not show Mr. Bertrand how to open the glass case, father?" asked his daughter anxiously.

"Quite a minor detail, my child," he replied impatiently, and then, turning to me with a smile:

"Women are, without doubt, the most charming of all created beings, but on



"What shock? Your death? Think of Mademoiselle de Favart," I said.

the eve of some great event of absolutely unparalleled interest like the present, it is of some quite trivial detail they will think!"

Her lips quivered, and she turned aside.

I knew the enormous importance she attached to my understanding the mechanism of the glass case. Might not her lover's very life depend on it, and on my promptitude in acting on the knowledge when the time came?

"I should like very much to see how it opens," I said, turning to look at it. "But I think I understand. This pulley raises up the whole side, does it not? and I see that it runs up and down quite easily; one man could work it without any difficulty, and could keep it at any height he wished, by just passing the cord round any of these pegs!"

She gave me a glance full of gratitude. I had raised the glass side as I spoke, and noticed that a half-moon-shaped piece of glass was cut out of the edge, and corresponded with a similar place in the iron framework immediately below.

"It is for the hand of the person who is being experimented upon. My father must hold it while asking his questions. It is, in case of faintness, to be able to count the pulse, I think."

"I see; and this speaking tube which opens out just over the patient's mouth conveys your father's questions to him, and receives his answers, which otherwise might not be distinctly heard. I understand; it is very ingenious. Is there anything else of interest you can show me, Mademoiselle?"

"I think not," she said; "you have, of course, observed how quickly we can ventilate the laboratory?" touching the cords as she spoke. "This window at the end of the room opens outwards; my father, you see, likes plenty of fresh air."

A neighbouring clock began to strike the hour of three; at the sound the Professor started up and came towards us.

"Three o'clock, my dear friend, and we have not begun yet. Guy! Ah! You have still to change into the silk dressing gown I asked you to wear; you will not be long, my son? As it nears the great moment, I grow impatient!"

"To think," he said in a sort of ecstasy, "that after a long life of toil and search after God, I am at last—at last about to find Him! I have not the slightest doubt, not the very slightest, in the result of this experiment!"

"I shall be back in a few moments, sir," said Mr. Clavering, making for the door. Mademoiselle de Favart followed him. I know not what took place just outside; she was very pale, almost weeping, when she returned. Poor girl, she had said "Good-bye," I suppose.

"Will you not go with him, Mr. Bertrand?" she said; "he may have something to say to you."

Before I had gone half-way down the passage, however, she was at my side again. She clutched my hands frantically in hers.

"Remember, he is my very life! Be with him! Stay with him, for God's sake!" and before I could even answer, she had flown back again to the laboratory. I saw her for half a second, with her beautiful arms thrown round her father's neck, and then lost sight of her as the door closed.

"Look here, Bertrand," said Clavering, as we reached his room, "it is best you should know the truth of this ghastly affair, and know it at once. I feel as if I had known you for a lifetime, old fellow. I can trust you, I know!"

"You may," I said, grasping his hand.

"I knew it. Well! we're in the very deuce of a mess! It's two years now since Marie and I knew for certain that the Professor was mad!"

"Mad!" I ejaculated. "That, then, explains—"

"Mad as a March hare," said Clavering, "but only on just this one point, and on this point, his madness is so ingenious, if I might put it that way, that it would take you a long time to find it out!"

"I partially guessed it," I said, "and then dismissed the idea, but it kept turning up every now and then again. 'Mad! You must, of course, stop this ridiculous experiment then!'"

"No; that's the worst of it. His madness, Bernard thinks, came on through a shock, and we think it's just within the bounds of possibility that a shock might cure him!"

"What shock? Your death? Think of Mademoiselle de Favart!" I said.

"I do, poor girl, God knows! It is because of her that I consent to it at all. If this sort of thing goes on much longer, it will kill her. But I did not allude to my death; I hope it won't be so bad as that. We thought that when the poor old chap tried his experiment, and found suddenly that it was a failure, as of course it will be, it might bring him to his senses."

"His experiment may succeed up to

a certain point," said I, "and that won't cure him, but it may kill you!"

"How do you mean?"

"That infernal liquid! I know the taste and smell of every known drug, but I don't recognise this. It's something entirely new, and it's like nothing in the whole pharmacopœia!"

"Indeed!"

"How do you know what effect it may have on you? It may make you talk utter rot, which he will take for gospel truth. It has never been tried before! Look here! don't you be a fool, Clavering! Give up the idea!"

"I'm bound in honour to go through with it; I can't funk it at the last minute," he replied almost doggedly.

"To make up your mind not to give way to the whim of a madman isn't funk-ing it. Upon my word, it's hard to say which of you two men is the maddest!"

He laughed, but the laugh had no real mirth in it.

"Think of that lovely girl downstairs whose life is in your hands this minute; for if you die, God help her! She may be the next victim!"

This shot told. He turned pale.

"What am I to do?" he gasped. "Until her father is either cured or dead, Marie will not hear of marriage. You see we've been trying to hide this from the whole world, especially from himself, which is the most difficult of all. She will never leave him, and if I don't bring matters to a head somehow, this may go on for years!"

"Bring it to a head, then, by going downstairs and refusing flatly to have anything to do with the experiment!"

"Marie will think me such a coward," he said hesitating.

"Good heavens! You don't imagine she wants you to undergo it, do you?" I cried. "You would not think so, if you heard her last command to me, as I left the laboratory," and I told him what she had said.

"My poor little girl! How she must have suffered! The strain is too much for her. You are right, Bertrand, I've been a weak fool, and we can't go on with it!"

He sat in deep thought for a moment or two, and then rose abruptly.

"If it has got to be done, there's no use in delaying. It's a beastly business; I feel such a traitor to the poor old man; I can feel his sad eyes looking me through this minute! He imagines that whoever else forsakes him Marie and I believe in him! Well! let's make a clean breast of it! Come on! I must explain to Marie!"

"She is in the laboratory," I said.

"I think not," he replied; "she told me that when I got down she would be gone; but we can see!"

He reached the door of the laboratory, and, very gently turning the handle, was about to enter, when the sound of voices inside made him pause. Holding up his hand for silence, he whispered to me:

"The poor old man is rehearsing the whole scene; he often does. I've listened to him by the hour; he's a born actor!"

This was what we heard, in a weak, quavering voice scarcely distinguishable, and like that of a person who spoke in a dream:

"The concentrated longing of all humanity from the beginning till now—is to know God. Aye, from the very first beginning. Ah! how long ago. The very earliest traces even of fossil man—are they not fully grown—and modern—in comparison with those forms which existed—when God—first—sowed the world with souls—"

Then in the Professor's own natural, eager voice—

"And had thy soul then its being?"

"Knowest thou—not—that the soul—is immortal? It hath no beginning—or ending. Seek to know no more!"

"Nay, but thou shalt tell me, aye, and with all the power thou hast" (the Professor's voice rose, and yet was almost choked with emotion). "Tell me, O Soul, where is the Almighty? Hast thou seen God?"

"Be still. No—man—can see God—and live. For thy sake—He shows Himself—in shadow only. Thinkest thou thy little brain—could hold—the Almighty? Hast thou counted the cost?"

"Aye, and had I a thousand lives I would fling all—all aside, could I but for one instant comprehend the Almighty. Speak! describe to me the scene where thou didst find Him?"

There was a long pause.

"I cannot—ask me not. Ah!"

This was a long sigh.

"Speak! speak! I am on fire! Delay not! It shall be thy last answer!"

Another long pause, and then—

"Hush-h-h—speak not. Hear how the thunder rolls! Look! the fierce lightning strikes his still, calm face! His form shines white against the angry sky. Ah!—cover my eyes! the lightning blinds me! all is black and terrible! Look! still He hangs there! Silent and awful! Oh! save me! save me! The whole world is shaking to pieces! The earth is giving way! I am falling! falling! Mercy! mercy! Cover me! hide me! 'Tis God—Ah!"

The voice rose to a shriek! My hair stood on end! There was a sudden crash as of something falling, and simultaneously the Professor's voice, in loud, unnatural, awful tones—"God! God!"

The shriek ended in a long wail which was scarcely human! It pierced the silence like a sharp knife.

A horrible thought took possession of both of us at the same moment. We flung open the door and rushed into the room. The Professor still sat in his chair by the glass case, but the speaking tube had fallen from his hand. His eyes were fixed in a wild, awful stare as if he had seen a vision that had paralysed them for ever. A glance showed me that he was dead!

A thin blue smoke filled the glass case, but through it we could see on the couch, wrapped in her rose-coloured silken robe, the beautiful form of Marie de Favart.

She was ghastly white, and even as we looked her colour seemed to change to a parchmenty yellow.

With a yell like that of a wounded wild animal, Clavering sprang to the case, and began to work the pulley before described. I rushed to the window and threw it wide, and then drew the whole glass roof open. In a second I had every available cushion in the room on the floor in front of the window, and was back to the case again.

By this time the blue smoke had reached the roof, and begun to mingle with the outer air. Suddenly, without

any warning, the whole place was shaken by the most violent hurricane. Pandemonium seemed to be let loose over our heads! The big elm in the garden was snapped in two, and, falling with a terrific crash, the topmost branches brushed against the window.

"Good God!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and then to Clavering sternly, "Keep your head, man; her life may depend on it!" He was trembling violently, and no wonder.

"Now then, you take her shoulders, and I her feet; gently, and quickly, too, or that infernal smoke will do for us both!"

It was but the work of a moment, and she lay on the cushions in front of the window.

Her pulse was almost imperceptible, and it was with difficulty we recognised that she still breathed. What was to be



He reached the door of the laboratory, and, very gently turning the handle, was about to enter.

done! Neither of us knew the nature of the powerful drug she had been inhaling, or what effect our remedies might have. Would they kill, or would they cure her? It was a terrible moment, but she seemed to be dying, and we had to chance something.

"Look here, old fellow, I'm going to inject ether, with your permission," I said, bringing the syringe from my pocket. "Something must be done, if it's not already too late; let's try the effect of this!"

"Wouldn't brandy be better?" asked Clavering anxiously.

"Not till she comes to a bit; we might choke her outright with it. Now then—there. All right, we must just wait now."

"O God, if she should die!" he cried wildly. "She took my place, and I was such a dull fool that I never even suspected it. Will she live, Bertrand; can't you say?"

"Don't know, will tell you in five minutes. If she lives till the ether begins to take effect, why then—"

We waited patiently; there was nothing else to do. Several times I thought she was gone; so did Clavering, and I saw him press his lips to her forehead with a terrible look of despair on his face. Poor fellow, it was an awful time for him. At last I was aware that there was a slight change in the pulse. It certainly was growing stronger. I looked at him and nodded. In a few minutes I was quite sure that this was the case; in fact, it was rapidly regaining strength. She turned her head, and sighed. "I wish we could get her out of this before she comes to," I said, glancing at the chair in which the Professor still sat.

We carried her between us to her room, and then called the household. Waiting until I was quite sure she was out of danger, and breathing naturally, we left her in charge of the housekeeper and her maid. Half an hour later they told us that she was asleep.

"The best thing for her over-strained brain," I said thankfully, and then for the first time that awful afternoon we breathed freely.

A few minutes later we stood in the laboratory. An inexplicable but very real sense of horror and mystery seemed to pervade the place.

Clavering approached the Professor, and gently endeavoured to close his eyes, but they would not be closed.

"We must lay him down," I said, for the ghastly face and staring eyes began to have a disquieting effect on our nerves. We laid him on the floor by the window, and covered his face.

"What do you suppose he died of?" said Clavering.

"Speaking as a medical man, I should say, sudden failure of the heart's action through shock," I replied. "But, speaking as an ordinary man, who allowed his imagination some slight range, I should say—the realisation of his supreme desire!"

"You mean—"

"I mean there is a look in his face of—not horror—and not surprise only—but a sort of entranced awfulness—as if what he saw was unexpected, and yet—but pshaw! Who is the madman now?" I said, laughing. "How do we know he saw anything? One shouldn't let these ideas take possession of one!"

"I don't know," said Clavering thoughtfully, "I have often found it extremely hard to realise that he was mad. He had a wonderful intellect, and was the most lovable man I have ever known. How can we tell how far he may have gone towards realising his desires?"

"True enough, and yet I am half ashamed of the feeling I have, that there was a great deal more in all this than we have imagined. If he was mad, there was plenty of method in his madness!"

"If he was mad. He may have been the 'First Dreamer' as he said himself, and if so he has been, as he also said, the 'First Martyr!' Who knows?"

"Possibly," said I, "but only the centuries to come can decide that point! And you and I shall be rotten by that time, so it won't concern us. But I agree with you heartily, mad or sane, he was a splendid old man!"

EXPERIMENTS IN FLYING.

BY O. CHANUTE.

IT is considerably over forty years since I first became interested in the problem of flight. This presented the attraction of an unsolved problem which did not seem as visionary as that of perpetual motion. Birds give daily proof that flying could be done, and the reasons advanced by scientists why the performance was inaccessible to man did not seem to be entirely conclusive, if sufficiently light motors were eventually to be obtained. There was, to be sure, a record of several thousand years of constant failures, often resulting in personal injuries; but it did not seem useless for engineers to investigate the causes of such failures, with a view to a remedy. I, therefore, gathered from time to time such information as was to be found on the subject, and added thereto such speculations as suggested themselves. After a while this grew absorbing, and interfered with regular duties, so that in 1874 all the accumulated material was rolled up into a bundle and red tape tied around it, a resolution being taken that it should not be undone until the subject could be taken up again without detriment to any duty. It was fourteen years before the knot was untied.

Meantime a considerable change had taken place in the public attitude on the question. It was no longer considered proof of lunacy to investigate it, and great progress had been made in producing artificial motors approximating those of the birds in relative lightness. The problem was, therefore, taken up again under more favourable circumstances. A study was begun of the history of past failures, and the endeavour was made to account for them. In point of fact, this produced a series of tech-

nical articles which swelled into a book,* and also led to the conclusion that, when a sufficiently light motor was evolved, the principal cause of failure would be that lack of stability in the air which rendered all man-ridden flying-machines most hazardous; but that, if this difficulty were overcome, further progress would be rapid.

Experiments were, therefore, begun to investigate this question of stability and safety, and, if possible, to render the former automatic. These experiments were hundreds in number, and were, at first, very modest. They consisted in liberating weighted paper models of various shapes, either ancient or new, with gravity as a motive power, and observing their glides downward. This was done in still air. After a while, resort was had to larger models, with muslin wings and wooden frameworks, carrying bricks as passengers; and these were dropped from the house-top in the early morning when only the milkman was about. Very much was learned as to the effect of the wind; and then tailless kites of all sorts of shapes were flown, to the great admiration of small boys. During the seven or eight years within which this work was carried on, some glimmerings were obtained of the principles involved, and some definite conclusions were reached. But it was only after Lilienthal had shown that such an adventure was feasible that courage was gathered to experiment with full-sized machines carrying a man through the air.

Otto Lilienthal was a very able Ger-

* "Progress in Flying Machines," 1894. M. N. Forney, New York, publisher.

man engineer and physicist. He demonstrated that concave wings afforded, at very acute angles, from three to seven times as much support as flat wings in the air. He made, from 1891 to 1896, more than 2,000 successful glides, the longest being about 1,200 feet, upon machines of his own design, launching himself into the air from a hill-top and gliding down against the wind. In 1895, he endeavoured to add a motor, but found that this complicated the handling so much that he went back to his gliding device. It was while experimenting with a double-decked machine of this character, which probably was in bad order, that he fell and was killed in August, 1896. Thus perished the man who will probably be credited by posterity with having pointed out the best way to preliminary experiments in human flight through the air.

Just before this dismal accident, I had been testing a full-sized Lilienthal machine. I discarded it as hazardous, and then tested the value of an idea of my own. This was to follow the same general method, but to reverse the principle upon which Lilienthal had depended for maintaining his equilibrium in the air. He shifted the weight of his body, under immovable wings, as fast and as far as the sustaining pressure varied under his surfaces. This shifting was mainly done by moving the feet, as the actions required were small except when alighting. My notion was to have the operator remain seated in the machine in the air, and to intervene only to steer or to alight; moving mechanism being provided to shift the wings automatically, so as to restore the balance when endangered. There are several ways in which this can be done. Two of them have been worked out to a probable success in my experiments, and there is still a third, which I intend to test in due course.

To make such experiments truly instructive, they should be made with a full-sized machine, and with an operator riding therein. Models seldom fly twice alike in the open air (where there is almost always some wind), and they cannot relate the vicissitudes which they have encountered. A flying-machine would

be of little future use if it could not operate in a moderate wind; hence the necessity for an operator to report upon what occurs in flight, and to acquire the art of the birds. My own operations were conducted from that point of view, with the great disadvantage, however, that being over three-score years of age, I was no longer sufficiently young and active to perform any but short and insignificant glides in such tentative experiments; the latter being directed solely to evolving the conditions of stability, and without any expectation of advancing to the invention of a commercial flying-machine. I simply tested various automatic devices to secure equilibrium, and, with great anxiety, employed young and active assistants.

The best way to carry on such adventures is first to select a soft place on which to alight. This is well secured on a dry and loose sand-hill, and there ought to be no bushes or trees to run into. Our party found such sand-hills, almost a desert, in which we pitched our tent, on the shore of Lake Michigan, about thirty miles east of Chicago. The main hill selected was ninety-five feet high; but the highest point started from was sixty-one feet above the beach, as the best instruction was to be obtained from short glides at low speeds.

With parties of from four to six persons, five full-sized gliding machines* (one rebuilt) were experimented with in 1896, and one in 1897. Out of these, two types were evolved, the "Multiple-Wing" and the "Two-Surfaced," which are believed to be safer than any heretofore produced, and to work out fairly well the problem of automatic equilibrium. The photographs herewith reproduced, many of them heretofore unpublished, are from snapshots taken of these two types. In 1896, very few photographs were taken, all the attention being devoted to studying the action of the machines, and the one picture shown is the sixth permutation of the "Multiple-Wing" machine, so-called. In 1897, there was more leisure to take snapshots, as the machine used was a

* So termed to distinguish them from true flying machines, in which propulsion would be implied.

duplication of the "Two-Surfaced" of 1866, supplied with a regulating mechanism designed by Mr. A. M. Herring, my assistant. Each photograph was taken from a different experiment (there were about 1,000 glides); but the point of view was varied, so as to exhibit the consecutive phases of a single flight. The frog-like appearance of some of the legs is due to the speed.

The first thing which we discovered practically was that the wind flowing up a hill-side is not a steadily flowing current like that of a river. It comes as a rolling mass, full of tumultuous whirls and eddies, like those issuing from a

chimney; and they strike the apparatus with constantly varying force and direction, sometimes with drawing support when most needed. It has long been known, through instrumental observations, that the wind is constantly changing in force and

direction; but it needed the experience of an operator afloat on a gliding machine to realise that this all proceeded from cyclonic action; so that more was learned in this respect in a week than had previously been acquired by several years of experiments with models. There was a pair of eagles, living in the top of a dead tree about two miles from our tent, that came almost daily to show us how such wind effects are overcome and utilised. The birds swept in circles overhead on pulseless wings, and rose high up in air. Occasionally there was a side-rocking motion, as of a ship rolling at sea, and then the birds rocked back

to an even keel; but although we thought the action was clearly automatic, and were willing to learn, our teachers were too far off to show us just how it was done, and we had to experiment for ourselves.

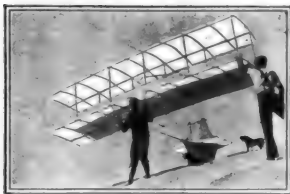
The operator stands on the hill-side. He raises up the apparatus, which is steadied by a companion, and quickly slips under and within the machine. He faces the wind. This wind buffets the wings from side to side, and up or down, so that he has much difficulty in obtaining a poise. This is finally accomplished by bracing the cross-piece of the machine's frame against his back, and

depressing the front edge of the wings so that they will be struck from above by the wind. His arm-pits rest on a pair of horizontal bars, and he grasps a pair of vertical bars with his hands. He is in no way attached to the machine, so that he may disengage himself

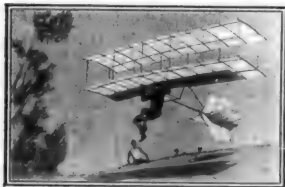


Mr. Chanute's Multiple-wing Gliding Machine.

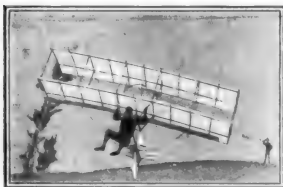
instantly should anything go wrong. Then, still facing dead into the wind, he takes one or two, never more than four, running steps forward, raising up the front edge of the apparatus at the last moment, and the air claims him. Then he sails forward into the wind on a generally descending course. The "Multiple-Wing" machine was provided with a seat, but, goodness! there was no time to sit down, as each glide of two to three hundred feet took but eight to twelve seconds, and then it was time to alight. This latter phase of the problem had been the subject of meditation for months, and the conclusion



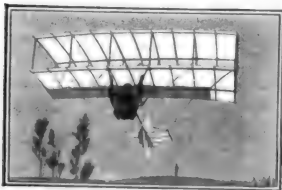
Struggling for a poise.



A good start.



Struck by a side gust.



Right again.

Experiments with machines invented by Mr. Chanute
From photographs taken by him.

had been reached to imitate the sparrow. When the latter approaches the street, he throws his body back, tilts his outspread wings nearly square to the course, and on the cushion of air thus encountered he stops his speed and drops lightly to the ground. So do all birds. We tried it with misgivings, but found it perfectly effective. The soft sand was a great advantage, and even when the experts were racing there was not a single sprained ankle.

The rebuilt "Multiple-Wings" were pivoted at their roots, and vibrated backward and forward on ball-bearings, restrained by rubber springs. As the wind varied, they adjusted themselves thereto, and brought back the supporting air pressure over the operator, thus re-establishing the threatened balance. This was done automatically. But in consequence of various defects in construction and adjustment, the operator still had to move one or two inches, as against the from seven to fifteen inches of movement required by the Lilienthal apparatus. Some two or three hundred glides were made with the "Multiple-Wing" without any accident to man or machine, and the action was deemed so effective, the principle so sound, that the full plans were published in "The Aeronautical Annual" for 1897, for the benefit of experimenters desiring to improve on this apparatus.

There is no more delightful sensation than that of gliding through the air. All the faculties are on the alert, and the motion is astonishingly smooth and elastic. The machine responds instantly to the slightest movement of the operator; the air rushes by one's ears; the trees and bushes flit away underneath, and the landing comes all too quickly. Skating, sliding, and bicycling are not to be compared for a moment to aerial conveyance, in which, perhaps, zest is added by the spice of danger. For it must be distinctly understood that there is constant danger in such preliminary experiments. When this hazard has been eliminated by further evolution, gliding will become a most popular sport.

The "Two-Surfaced" machine, so-called, produced longer and more nume-

rous glides. There were perhaps 700 or 800, at a rate of descent of about one foot in six; so that while the longest distance traversed was 360 feet, we could have sailed 1,200 feet, had we started from a hill 200 feet high. In consequence of the speed gained by running, the initial stage of the flight is nearly horizontal, and it is thrilling to see the operator pass from thirty to forty feet overhead, steering his machine, undulating his course, and struggling with the wind gusts which whistle through the guy wires. The automatic mechanism restores the angle of advance when compromised by variations of the breeze; but when these come from one side and tilt the apparatus, the weight has to be shifted to right up the machine. This is generally done by thrusting out the feet towards the side which has been raised, a movement which is just the reverse of what would be instinctively made on the ground, but which becomes second nature to an expert. These gusts sometimes raise the machine from ten to twenty feet vertically, and sometimes they strike the apparatus from above, causing it to descend suddenly. When sailing near the ground, these vicissitudes can be counteracted by movements of the body of three or four inches; but this has to be done instantly, for neither wind nor gravity will wait on meditation. At a height of 300 or 400 feet the regulating mechanism would probably take care of these wind gusts, as it does, in fact, for their minor variations. The speed of the machine is generally about seventeen miles an hour over the ground, and from twenty-two to thirty miles an hour relative to the air. Constant effort was directed to keep down the velocity, which was at times fifty-two miles an hour. This is the purpose of the starting and gliding against the wind, which thus furnishes an initial velocity without there being undue speed at the landing. The highest wind we dared to experiment in blew at thirty-one miles an hour; when the wind was stronger, we waited and watched the birds.

There was a gull came fishing over the lake, and took up his station over its very edge, about 100 feet high in



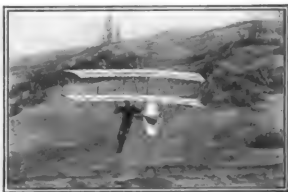
Rising.



Sailing.



Dropping.



About to alight.

Experiments with machines invented by Mr. Chanute
From photographs taken by him.

air. The wind was blowing a steady gale from the north at sixty-one measured miles an hour. The bird breasted it squarely, and without beat of wing maintained for five minutes his position of observation. Occasionally

with sudden flutterings, as if a terrifying suggestion had been made. The bolder birds occasionally swooped downward to inspect the monster more closely; they twisted their heads around to bring first one eye and then the other to bear, and



Preparing for the flight.



Ready.

The Pileher Flying Machine.

there was a short, rocking motion fore and aft, or from side to side. At times he was raised several feet, and drifted backward; at others he drooped down; but he never flapped once. It was evident that he derived from the wind alone all the power required to remain afloat and to perforate the blast without drifting back. Whether man will ever be able to perform this feat, which has been termed "aspiration," is perhaps doubtful, but there is no mistake about the observation. The only thing we could not ascertain was whether our practice hill, 350 feet to his leeward, produced an ascending trend in the wind about the hill, who was level with its summit.

Another day a curious thing occurred. We had taken one of the machines to the top of the hill, and loaded its lower wings with sand to hold it while we went to lunch. A gull came strolling inland, and flapped full-winged to inspect. He swept several circles above the machine, stretched his neck, gave a squawk, and went off. Presently he returned with eleven other gulls, and they seemed to hold a conclave, about 100 feet above the big new white bird which they had discovered on the sand. They circled round after round, and once in a while there was a series of loud "peeps," like those of a rusty gate, as if in conference,

then they rose again. After some seven or eight minutes of this performance, they evidently concluded either that the stranger was too formidable to tackle, if alive, or that he was not good to eat, if dead, and they flew off to resume fishing, for the weak point about a bird is his stomach.

We did not have the slightest accident to lament during all our experiments. These were chiefly performed by two young, active men, who took turns, and who became expert in a week; but then, we attempted no feats and took no chances. Towards the last, we gained such confidence in the machines that we allowed amateurs to try them under guidance. Half a dozen performed fairly well, but awkwardly of course. One of them was our cook, who was by profession a surgeon, and one was a newspaper reporter who had succeeded in finding his way to the camp. Another was a novice; he was picked up by a wind gust, raised forty feet vertically, and gently set down again. Any young, quick, and handy man can master a gliding machine almost as soon as a bicycle, but the penalties for mistakes are much more severe. After all, it will be by the cautious, observant man—the man who accepts no risks which he can avoid, perhaps the ultra-timid man—

that this hazardous investigation of an art now known only to the birds will be most advanced. Not even the birds could have operated more safely than we; but they would have made longer and flatter glides, and they would have soared up into the blue.

In my judgment, neither of the machines above described is as yet perfected, and I believe it is still premature to apply an artificial motor. This is sure to bring about complications which it is preferable to avoid until the equilibrium has been thoroughly evolved. I, therefore, advise that every plausible method of securing stability and safety shall be tested, that many such experiments shall be made, first with models, and then with full-sized machines, and that their designer shall practise, practise, practise; to make sure of the action, to proportion and adjust the parts, and to eliminate hidden defects. If any feat is attempted it should be over water, in order to break the fall, should any occur. All this once accomplished, it will be time enough to apply a motor; and it seems not improbable that the gliding machine will furnish the prototype. This step by step process is doubtless slow and costly, but it greatly diminishes the chance of those accidents which bring a

tion: one man accomplishing some promising results, but stopping short of success; the next carrying the investigation somewhat further, and thus on, until a machine is produced which will be as practical as the "safety" bicycle, which took some eighty years for its development from the original despoised velocipede.

Since the above described experiments were tried, another deplorable accident has come to reinculcate the necessity for extreme caution. Mr. Percy S. Pilcher, a young, accomplished, and enthusiastic English engineer, lost his life September 30, 1899, while making experiments in soaring with a machine of his own design upon the Lilienthal principle. He had already performed hundreds of glides since 1894, and had introduced a method of towing the machine with horses by means of a long cord with multiple tackle, so that he could rise from level ground. On this occasion, a first successful flight was made; but on the second trial, after a height of some thirty feet had been gained, a snap was heard, the tail was seen to collapse, and the apparatus dived forward, and fell to the ground, Mr. Pilcher receiving injuries from which he died two days later. He doubtless was the victim of his own ami-



Sailing.



Dropping and going fast.

The Pilcher Flying Machine.

whole line of investigation into contempt. We have no reason to believe that, contrary to past experience, a practical flying-machine will be the result of the happy thought of one or of two persons. It will come rather by a process of evolu-

ability, for his apparatus had been wet by a shower, so that the canvas of the tail had shrunk, thus producing undue strains upon the bamboo stretcher, the wind was gusty, and the weather very unfavourable; but as many persons had

come from a distance to witness the experiments, Mr. Pilcher did not like to disappoint them, and accepted the undue risks which cost him his life. He was less than thirty-four years of age, a skilful and earnest mechanic, who had already built the oil engine and screw which he meant to apply to his machine.

Notably enough, he had written to me some eighteen months before for leave to copy and test one of my machines, which leave, with instructions, had, of course, been gladly given. The machine had been built, and was to have been tried on the following day. It is a curious coincidence that Lilienthal is said to have also built a machine, quite original with him, upon the same principle as that above alluded to, and that this also was to have been tested within a day or two of the owner's death. It is idle to speculate on what would have been the result; but then accidents might have happened in my own work, and I am profoundly thankful that we were spared such anguish.

Having been compelled, for the last two years, to give all my time and attention to a practical business, I have been unable to experiment; but I have had an expert testing models of a third method of securing automatic stability, with which I hope to experiment full-sized.

Aside from the more imaginative and eccentric inventors, there are now a number of scientific investigators who are working to bring about the solution of this difficult problem; and it is not at all improbable that some experimenter will succeed, within a year or so, in making a flight of something like a mile with a motor. This is now fairly feasible, and there are several inventors who are preparing to attempt it. But between this achievement and its extension to a journey, or even to its indefinite repetition, there will intervene many accidents. Nor

is there a fortune to be made by the first successful man. Experimenters who wish to advance the final solution of the quest surely and safely must work without expectation of other reward than that of being remembered hereafter; for, in the usual course of such things, it will be the manufacturers who will reap the pecuniary benefits when commercial flying-machines are finally evolved. There will probably be two types of these, one of them a machine for sport, with a very light and simple motor, if any, carrying but a single operator, and deriving most of its power from wind and gravity, as do the soaring birds. This will be used in competitions of skill and speed, and there will be no finer or more exciting sport. The other future machine will probably be of a journeying type. It will be provided with a powerful, but light, motor and with fuel for one or two days' travel. It will preferably carry but a single man, and will be utilised in exploration and in war. Its speed will be from thirty to sixty miles an hour at the beginning, and eventually much greater, for it is a singular fact that the higher speeds require less power in the air, within certain limits, than low speeds. At high velocities, the surfaces may be smaller, lie at flatter angles, and offer less resistance, but the pressure then increases on the framework, and the ultimate speed may not be more than 80 or 100 miles an hour.

Neither of these machines seems likely to compete with existing modes of transportation. But be this as it may, every improvement in transportation, whether in cheapness, in comfort, or in speed, soon develops new and sometimes unexpected uses of its own; so, even with sober anticipation of the benefits to be realised, investigators and public-spirited men may well afford to advance the solution of a problem which has so warmly appealed to the imagination of men for the past forty or fifty centuries.





BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

"Do you see, Mr. Arneston? Isn't it shocking? Can't we do something. speak to the captain or the purser? Surely that sort of thing ought not to be allowed."

They had paused in their promenade up and down the deck of the Cunarder. The night was warm for the time of the year, and someone had fastened back the door of the smoking - room. They themselves, the man and the girl, stood in the darkness. The room into which they looked was ablaze with softly flashing electric lights. At a little round table four men were seated playing cards. Before each was a little pile of chips. They played quickly and in silence, after the fashion of gamblers. Of the four, three were of uninteresting appearance, the fourth was conspicuous amongst them both for his youth and good looks. It was towards him that the girl had motioned, it was upon his pale, nervous face that her eyes were bent now, full of anxiety and concern.

"It seems such a shame," she whispered, looking up at her companion. "He is so young, and I know that he cannot afford it. Can't we do something?"

Her arm tightened a little upon his. Her tone was full of pleading, for, like



"Isn't it shocking?"

all women and most men, she had great faith and much confidence in the man by her side. Stephen Arneston looked from her to the boy and back again.

"Well, I'm afraid that's not easy," he said. "Mr. Franklin is not very old, and not very wise, but he's Britisher enough to hate being interfered with. Besides, he's a stranger to me. I'm afraid I should only get a snubbing if I interfered."

"A snubbing from a boy," she answered, smiling appealingly up at him. "Why, I don't think that will hurt you very much, Mr. Arneston. Don't you want to go in and talk to him?"

How interested she was! He smothered a sigh, and looked idly in through the open door.

"It would be so nice of you," she murmured.

"But what can I do?" he objected. "I have scarcely spoken to any of those men all the voyage. I can't go in and force myself upon them."

"Mr. Arneston."

"Well?"

"Suppose that he was your younger brother?"

"I wish he were yours."

She laughed softly, such a delicate, musical little laugh.

"Why?"

"Do you want to know?" he asked.

A little flush of colour came into her cheeks. She was wonderfully pretty. A little wisp of her hair brushed against his cheek. She drew further away from him, but her fingers remained upon his arm.

"We are wasting time, and it is so foolish of you," she said. "You know what I mean, what I want you to do. If Mr. Franklin were your brother you wouldn't see him sit there night after night and lose, lose, lose all the time. You'd interfere or something, I know. Please."

He sighed heavily and withdrew his arm. "Well, let me tuck you up in your chair first, and make you comfortable," he said, "then I'll see whether I can send him out to you."

She withdrew herself with an alacrity which irritated him.

"No, don't wait," she begged, "go in now; please don't wait. I shall be all

right, and Mrs. Chase is over there in her chair. I shall talk to her for a few minutes."

Stephen Arneston stooped low, for he was a tall man, and entered the smoking-room. The little party at the table glanced up as he entered, but no one addressed him. He lit a cigarette, and took a seat from where he could overlook the boy's hand.

There were four in the party playing poker. What the stakes were Arneston had no means of telling, but they were evidently high from the curious rapt attention which each one was giving to his hand. The man sitting on the boy's left hand was an American, Mortimer Hansom, and he was certainly the coolest of the party. Opposite to him was an Englishman, who played always with the utmost care, but who, from his irritated manner, was obviously a loser, and on his left was an oil merchant from Cincinnati, who spat on the floor and smoked all day and all night, soft, black cigars of appalling strength. Arneston glanced at the other two and Franklin carelessly, then he fixed his attention upon Hansom. There was something about the man which puzzled him.

By-and-bye, a little stir amongst the party attracted him. Franklin was raising the draw. Hansom was raising back. From where he lounged, Arneston could see the boy's hand, and his lips resolved themselves into a half-formed whistle. The boy was in luck. He had been dealt four tens.

"Two hundred."

"And a hundred," Hansom replied, nonchalantly.

"And another," the boy declared.

"Five hundred," from Hansom.

The Englishman, with an exclamation of disgust, threw his cards upon the table. The oil merchant had gone out at the first raise. The boy's hand was shaking; he could not control his excitement.

"Six hundred."

"Make it a thousand, if you like," Hansom remarked, laying down his hand to light a cigarette. "Only us two in, so we may as well have a little gamble."

"I'll play for a thousand," the boy said hoarsely.

The oil merchant, who was dealing,

took up the pack and looked towards the boy. He hesitated, fingering one of his cards nervously. Then he threw it, face downwards, upon the table.

"One."

The card dealt him he scarcely glanced at. The dealer turned to Hansom, who looked his hand through thoughtfully.

"I guess I'll play what I've got," he remarked, laying them down and lolling back in his chair. "Your bet, Mr. Franklin."

"Make it fifteen hundred," the boy said, wetting his lips.

"Two thousand."

The boy steadied himself and hesitated.

"I ought to raise you," he said, "but I've no more money. What have you got?"

Hansom turned them over one by one — nine, ten, knave, queen, king of clubs. The boy watched each card with fascinated eyes and slowly whitening cheeks. As he realised the truth, the perspiration broke out on his forehead. The other two players looked at Hansom with awe-stricken faces.

"It is the first straight flush," he remarked, pleasantly, "which I have ever held. Oblige me by touching the bell, sir."

We will drink a bottle of wine to it. I'm sorry to run up against you again," he continued, turning carelessly to the boy. "I suppose you had something good?"

"I had four tens," the boy answered.

A little murmur of sympathy. "Darned

hard lines!" from the oil merchant, a chuckle from the Englishman, who was thanking his stars that he was out of it. Then the waiter brought in wine. The boy drained his glass, and rose none too steadily.

"You'll excuse me," he said. "I think I've had about enough poker for to-night."

A little murmur which he ignored. He made his way out on to the deck. Arneston followed a moment or two later.

She was already by his side. They were leaning over the rail together as though watching the phosphorus. Arneston moved into the shadow of the awning, and stood there with his eyes fixed upon them, and a bitter smile parting his thin lips. Her frank, sweet face was upturned towards the boy's. There were tears in her eyes; she was even holding his hand. The boy was looking away. Stephen Arneston turned on his heel and swore.

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He came face to face with her a few minutes later. Her eyes were still dimmed with tears. She stopped short in front

of him, and he felt instinctively the change in her attitude. He had been tried and found wanting.

"Mr. Arneston, will you tell me what has happened?" she demanded.

"I am afraid," he answered, "that Mr. Franklin has lost a good deal of money."



They were leaning over the rail.

"You were there?" she exclaimed. "You saw it happen? You made no effort to interfere?"

He looked down at her coldly.

"Please be reasonable, Miss Van Decker," he said. "What possible excuse had I for interfering? Mr. Franklin would have been the first to tell me to mind my own business. So far as I could see the money was fairly lost and won. I was quite powerless. I had not even the excuse of being a friend of Mr. Franklin's. I have not spoken a dozen words to him in my life."

"It seems to have been no one's business," she said bitterly, "to prevent a boy's ruining himself. No, I can manage alone, thanks. Good-night, Mr. Arneston."

She passed him and went below. Arneston lit a cigar, and leant over the rail. To all appearance he was enjoying the cool night wind, the moonlit sea, the soft swirl of the water parted by the bow of the steamer and falling away in little showers of fire with a thousand phosphorescent lights. But as a matter of fact he saw none of these things. His eyes were fixed upon vacancy; he was looking backwards down the long, dreary avenue of a life of disappointments and many evil things.

He resumed his walk, for a girl's face had floated up before his eyes, and of her he did not dare to think. So he walked fast and smoked fiercely for more than an hour. Then the sound of a laugh, a man's laugh, echoing out from that still open door, brought him suddenly to a standstill. His whole expression had changed. He listened again; there was something in the voice too. Then he hesitated no longer. He entered the smoking-room, and sat for awhile in a dark corner, with his eyes fixed upon Mr. Mortimer Hansom. For an hour or more he watched him covertly. Then he yawned, bade a general good-night, and walked out.

Again he lingered on deck, looking once more seaward with blind eyes. Something of a struggle held the man. He might save the boy, but at what a cost! After all, if she cared for Franklin, what did it matter? It was his luck, he mut-

tered, bitterly. The sudden access of good fortune which was taking him back to his native country with a new lease of life before him had suddenly become a flavourless thing. It had come to him late in life, this sudden flood of affection, half passionate, half tender. He was forty years old, and never until she had stepped on to the steamer at Boston had her sex or any member of it been to him anything save an object of half cynical, half scornful indifference. Now he was realising with a vengeance the existence of what he had always regarded as the folly of weaker men. He faced the problem boldly. In his new personality as John Arneston, of Arneston Court, a great landowner, head of a family who for hundreds of years had thought themselves greater because untitled—well, he had a chance. She had welcomed his society, a frank and pleasant comradeship had existed between them, dating from the first evening when their sense of humour had been jointly touched and their eyes had met across the dinner table. Only there was the boy. They were old friends, and until the poker had been started he had been her constant companion. Now the boy was ruined. She was cherishing, it was true, an unreasonable anger against him, but that must pass away. In the morning she would see things more fairly. She would recognise the fact that after all there was nothing which he could have done. A ruined boy would surely not be a formidable rival. A sense of his folly must, on cool reflection, outweigh her sympathy. She might pity him, but his plight was not one to inspire respect, and she was not the woman to love without it. But on the other side came all those swift, chivalrous impulses which had kept him poor all his days, but which had left in his wake both men and women who spoke of him with bated breath, a prodigy, a man on the surface as hard as nails, but with the great heart of a woman hidden away like a thing to be ashamed of. He might save the boy yet, and lose her. The one would very likely involve the other. The boy was nothing to him but an obstacle, yet he never hesitated. Only he cursed the

laugh, the open door, and the favouring wind which had brought it to his ears.

An hour later, when Mr. Mortimer Hansom lifted the sheet which hung outside his state-room and stepped inside, he was surprised to find a man fully dressed sitting upon his bunk. He was still more surprised to see that the intruder was John Arneston, and to find himself looking into the dark muzzle of a Colt's revolver. He uttered a little exclamation of surprise, and threw up his hands with a familiar gesture. It was quite like old times.

"Don't make a noise," Arneston said softly. "Sit down opposite to me there. I want to talk to you; only a few words."

Mr. Mortimer Hansom was nervous and shaken, but he seated himself as desired and attempted a little weak bluster.

"What the deuce do you want with me?" he asked.

"With Mr. Mortimer Hansom," Arneston said, coolly, "nothing. With Jim Morton—just a word, that's all."

"Well, I'm—"

"You can protest till you're black in the face," Arneston continued. "I can stand it. This is what I have to say. You have won over a thousand pounds from young Franklin on this trip. It will have to be refunded."

Hansom, whose face was white with fury, touched the button of the electric light which was by his side. He leant forward, peering curiously into Arneston's face, very pale now in this moment of his danger, but unflinching.

"Who the deuce are you?" he asked, musingly, half to himself.

Arneston shrugged his shoulders.

"That has nothing to do with the matter," he said.

A sudden light flashed into Hansom's face, triumphant, yet fearful. Arneston



Found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver.

CHARLES NORRELL

set his lips hard, but his heart sank like lead. He was lost.

"Now, I understand," Hansom exclaimed bitterly. "Too small fish for the prince himself, eh? I don't care. It's a dirty game to sit by without a word and then expect to rope in the coin."

"I do not understand you," Arneston said. "What I require is that you return that money to young Franklin, nothing more or less."

"Oh, don't try to bluff me," the other exclaimed, disgusted. "You'll have to stand in, I suppose, but it's hard lines. How much do you want?"

"What I want is this, and this only," Arneston said firmly. "That—money—is—to—be—returned—to—young—Franklin. If it is not done by to-morrow night, I shall go to the captain. You can guess what the result of that will be."

Hansom was bewildered.

"What's your game, then?" he exclaimed. "I don't see what you're driving at. Do you want to win it from him yourself—to get the lot?"



His face turned to the west wind.

Arneston rose. "By ten o'clock to-morrow evening," he said, "that money is to be returned. You know the alternative."

Hansom faced him white and angry.

"How on earth am I to return it?" he asked. "He won't take it. How could he? You don't want me to give myself away altogether, I suppose?"

Arneston hesitated. "There is no necessity for that," he said. "You can lose it back to him to-morrow."

He lifted the sheet and stepped outside. Hansom forgot to wish him good-night.

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Arneston was an early riser. The decks were barely scrubbed before he was on deck, bare-headed, his face turned to the west wind, which came

sweeping across the wilderness of white-topped waves and deep grey hollows. They were rising and falling heavily, sailors were busy lashing the chairs, and little fountains of white spray leaped every moment into the fleeting sunlight. Turning near the gangway, he came face to face with Helen Van Decker.

She smiled and held out her hand. They walked side by side.

"Do you know I wanted to see you early, Mr. Arneston," she said. "I was wrong last night, and unjust. There was nothing which you could do. Will you forgive me?"

He bowed his head. He felt the compulsion of her eyes, but he struggled against it.

"There is nothing," he said quietly, "to forgive."

She was not satisfied quite. She stole a sidelong glance at him, and was shocked at the colourless cheeks and the black lines under his eyes.

"Why, Mr. Arneston, you are ill," she exclaimed. "I'm so sorry. Isn't there anything we can do?"

He shook his head.

"I had rather a bad night," he said, "but there's nothing the matter."

"I think I shall have to look after you to-day," she said, laughing. "You were so nice to me when I wasn't feeling well. Don't you think I'd make a real good nurse? Come, one more turn, and we must go down for breakfast. I want to tell you something, Mr. Arneston. Dick has been awfully good and sensible. He has promised me faithfully not to touch a card again this voyage. It's such a relief to me."

He stopped short. "Not—not to play again at all?" he asked.

She looked at him surprised.

"Not even to touch a card," she declared vigorously. "Don't you think it's real sensible of him?"

"I don't know," he said, "he might win back some of his losings."

She dropped his arm and looked at him in honest amazement.

"Well, I am surprised to hear you talk like that, Mr. Arneston. Please don't put any such idea into his head. Now, we've got to amuse him all day. Shall

we get up a shuffle-board tournament or play cricket?"

They drifted into general conversation, and presently went down to breakfast. Franklin came disconsolately up to them afterwards, and they played shuffle-board with much energy until nearly luncheon time. Hansom, who had come out of the smoking-room as though to watch, touched Arneston on the shoulder.

"I'm not going to wait about all day," he said, shortly. "When are you going to bring the young cub in?"

"Directly," Arneston answered. "Go back and wait."

Hansom moved sullenly off. A few minutes later Arneston was alone with the boy.

"Miss Van Decker tells me that you have sworn off poker," he remarked.

The boy nodded.

"I promised I wouldn't play again this trip."

Arneston smiled.

"I don't know much about it," he said, "but that seems rather a pity to me. Winnings and losings, in my experience, generally level themselves up. It's a mistake to leave off just because you've been hit."

"That's exactly what I tell Helen," Franklin exclaimed, eagerly. "I feel an awful ass to have made such a promise. However, I've made it, and there's an end of it, I suppose. She won't let me off."

Arneston said nothing at the moment. They stood for a while watching a passing steamer. Then he touched the boy on the shoulder.

"Let us go in the smoking-room and have a drink," he said. "I won the pool yesterday and I must stand those fellows some champagne."

The boy followed him with alacrity.

At luncheon the two seats on either side of Helen Van Decker remained empty. Helen, who was somewhat of an impatient young woman, waited for a quarter of an hour, and then went up on deck. Neither Franklin nor Arneston was visible. She was just giving up the search when a familiar voice from the smoking-room brought her to a sudden standstill. The door was closed, but, after a moment's hesitation, she opened it. She

stood upon the threshold amazed, speechless with disgust and anger; for, not only was the boy seated there with cards in his hand, a pile of chips before him, but his opposite neighbour was John Arneston.

"Dick!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Arneston!"

Arneston rose respectfully, and turned a pale, sorrowful face towards her, but he did not say a word. The boy frowned.

"Don't bother now, please, Helen," he said. "I shall not be down to luncheon."

She looked at Arneston once again, and his eyes fell before the withering contempt of her gaze. Then she came boldly into the room, and laid her hand lightly upon the boy's shoulder.

"Your promise, Dick," she said, softly.

"Well, I've broken it," he answered, shortly. "It was a silly promise to make. The luck has changed to-day. Do, please, go away, Helen. Ladies are not allowed in here."

She passed out with never a glance at Arneston, who held back the open door for her. The game went on in silence.

At four o'clock Arneston leant back in his chair. "You're a bit in, aren't you, Franklin?" he asked.

The boy nodded. "Yes, I'm about straight," he answered, triumphantly.

Arneston took the cards and tore them deliberately in halves.

"That's enough," he said. "Let's get out of this cursed atmosphere and have a blow on deck."

The boy grumbled.

"My luck has just turned," he said. "Let's go on a bit."

But Arneston's words seemed to rule the little party, and they broke up. With flushed cheeks and bright eyes, the boy went off to find Helen Van Decker.

Every afternoon during the voyage Helen had given them tea in a quiet corner. Walking restlessly up and down, Arneston came upon them both. Helen's hand was upon the teapot. Her eyes met his without a quiver of recognition. The boy looked ill at ease, but remained speechless; so Arneston passed on imperturbable, without apparent consciousness of their near presence. He sank into a distant chair, and half closed his

eyes. It was not the first time in his life that he had saved another at his own expense. Only this time it hurt.

The boy came up to him an hour or so later, awkward, a little shamefaced.

"I say, I'm sorry about Miss Van Decker," he began. "Just like a girl, you know. So beastly unreasonable. She's angry because you played cards with me after she'd told you that I'd sworn off."

"It is of no consequence, thank you," Arneston said, wearily.

The boy lingered.

"Far as I'm concerned," he said, "I'm jolly well obliged to you. If I'd had to stump up my uncle would never have forgiven me, for I've been in a tight corner once before, and the money I've got with me is really his. I should have been in a beastly mess if I hadn't had a run of luck this morning. Besides, I'm going to be married soon."

Arneston half closed his eyes again.

"If you take my advice," he said, quietly, "you will make a resolution and keep to it. Never play cards with strangers, and never risk more than you can afford to lose."

The boy went off laughing. Arneston ordered his dinner to be brought on deck. It was a needless precaution, for next time he entered the saloon he found that his two neighbours had removed to another table.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mortimer Hansom nursed his wrongs until the desire for revenge became insupportable. He was never out of the smoking-room, and he knew nothing of the altered position of affairs. He remembered having seen Arneston and Miss Van Decker together a good deal, and decided to make their friendship his opportunity. He accosted her, hat in hand, on the last afternoon.

"Might I have a word with you, Miss Van Decker?"

She looked at him, surprised but acquiescent.



"I've been such an idiot."

"It's about Mr. Arneston. It isn't my business, I know, but I feel I'd like to tell you something."

She nodded.

"Well?"

"He seems to be posing here as a sort of gentleman-at-ease. He ain't. He's a professional gambler, and the cleverest that ever set foot in America. We're all babies to him."

She caught at the railing, and was suddenly white. Hansom chuckled softly to himself.

"So you're—a professional gambler, too, are you?" she remarked.

He laughed shortly.

"Well, I gave myself away a bit, I'll allow," he said. "Anyhow, here's facts. I won money from a young cub on board here, and Arneston got to know. He came to my room one night, and actually held a revolver to my head while he made me promise to give up the lot."

"And did you?" she asked.

"I agreed to let the kid win it back," he answered. "There wasn't any other

way of returning it. He wouldn't share with me like a white man—wanted the lot, and I expect he's got it by now. You'll forgive the liberty I've taken, young lady, but it don't seem right not to tell you."

"Forgive you? Rather!" she exclaimed, flashing a radiant smile upon him. "I'm ever so much obliged to you."

Arneston came along the deck, his face, as usual, turned seawards, his hands behind him. She left Hansom abruptly, and walked up to him. Hansom chuckled.

"Mr. Arneston," she cried, holding out both her hands, "I've been such an idiot. Can you forgive me?"

A red flush stained his cheeks. He looked at her eagerly.

"You don't know everything," he said.

"I know all I want to know now, or at any time—there," she answered frankly. "I was foolish about Dick. But, you see, he's half-engaged to my youngest sister, and they're very fond of one another."

"Not—not to you?" he stammered.

She looked at him and blushed delightfully.

"You silly man," she murmured, and thrust her arm through his.

Mr. Mortimer Hansom watched them stroll off, amazed. Then he pitched his cigar overboard in disgust.

"It strikes me," he muttered, on his way back to the smoking-room, "that I've made a fool's mess of it."



"Nae man can tether time or tide ;
The hour approaches, Tam maun ride."

Tam O'Shanter.



THE MAKING OF MUSIC.

IT is curious to compare our idea of the cultivation of music as merely an elegant accomplishment for ladies, with the ancient Greek idea of it as a potent instrument of moral and intellectual culture for men. A man's music, according to the Spartans, was the source of his courage; it distinguished the brave man from the coward, and taught aspiring youth how to compete in the wrestling ring, or to die on the field of battle. The laws of Solon laid it down as the one compulsory subject of instruction. Pythagoras held that it produced three things especially useful to men, ensuring the power of giving form to thought, engendering the instinct of social tact, and inviting the learner to tranquillity of soul. Even Plato taught something very similar to this. "Boys who receive a proper musical education," he says, "will know when to be quiet in the presence of their elders, when to get up and when to sit down; they will know the respect they must pay to their parents; and in smaller things also they will be equally adept, as, for instance, in the fashion of cutting their hair, what clothes to wear, and what style of shoes to adopt; in fact, they will be versed in all the niceties of the toilet. And the reason of this is," he continues, "that the love of music naturally shades off into the love of beauty generally." These speculations of the days "When Music, heavenly maid, was young," appear merely fanciful and fantastic to the modern mind, although the Spartan idea seems to survive in the military bands which are still useful for leading our regiments to the field of battle.

Music, to us, seems to be more particu-

larly the expression of joy: and the ploughman whistling as he follows his horses up and down in the inspiring air of the open country-side, or the happy housewife singing to herself as she performs the daily round of her domestic duties, are giving voice to the same instinct which impels us to call for more elaborate music whenever a great deed is to be celebrated, or whenever numbers of us are gathered together for the more commonplace purposes of amusement or festivity. At the same time, there is no question that of late years it has become more and more apparent to us that music may become a really powerful factor in popular culture. Perhaps one reason for this is that its universal language, appealing as it does directly to the emotions of all, young or old, rich or poor, to the intellectual and to the mentally deficient, gives it an advantage over its sister arts. They, or, at any rate, painting, sculpture, and architecture, not only involve a good deal of preparatory study, but the masterpieces of their professors are mostly placed entirely beyond the reach of all but the leisured and wealthy few, whereas, by means of the "drawing-room orchestra," as someone happily termed the pianoforte, most of us are free to study and enjoy the finest musical compositions of the greatest masters of all times and countries in our own homes.

But this advantage on the side of music is not an unalloyed gain. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, or the architect produces a finished work, and there it stands complete and lasting for the admiration of all who are capable of appreciating it. But, paradoxical as it may sound, music is born dumb. With-

out a performer and an instrument, it must remain as though it did not exist: and we find that our opportunities of the desiderated culture depend on the making of some instrument, composed of wood, and iron, and wire, and other materials, liable to every variation of the atmosphere, and liable to give us good, bad, or indifferent results according to the materials

of which it is composed, and the skill with which these have been put together. Yet, although no house, even of the humblest description, is now considered complete without a piano, it is really astonishing how little thought most people give to anything more than the decorative aspects of their instrument.

Last June there was a Press view at Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' show rooms in Wigmore Street, when a number of new models, and their new scales, were exhibited for expert inspection; and it occurred to the present writer that the best way of affording the uninitiated some glimpse of what is involved in the production of a really first-class piano would be to give a short sketch of what he had previously seen when on a visit to the Brinsmead factories at Kentish Town. Of course it is quite obvious that a pianoforte maker has need of a large stock of various kinds of wood. But it is very doubtful whether anyone would be prepared to see such a stock of timber as he will find piled up in the yards and rising tier upon tier on the roofs of the buildings at these famous factories. There was no less than 698,446 superficial feet of it on the premises at the date referred to, and it consisted of oak, beech, cedar, pine, mahogany, and other woods



Bellying and Marking-off Room.

gathered from all the four quarters of the globe. Before a single piece of all this wood is deemed fit for use in pianoforte making, it is carefully stacked and left to dry in the yards or on the roof, exposed to sun and rain and wind, for a period of five years, so that all the sap is dried up within it, and it becomes properly bleached and hardened. Then, after being roughly cut according to prospective requirements, it undergoes a further period of drying indoors, in rooms which are kept at a temperature of 80 deg. Fah. all the year round. Of course, all this means that our first-class piano manufacturer must be prepared to have many thousand pounds' worth of capital lying idle for the whole of this probationary period in order to ensure that his instruments shall be made of stuff that will "stand."

He also needs a good deal of elaborate machinery. The first place this wood will find its way to after being properly seasoned is the mill-room. And there ghastly, whirling circular saws may be seen at work slitting huge pieces of chestnut, or some other hard wood, as if they were soft as so much cucumber, or thin band saws may be watched working their way, according to marked patterns, through solid blocks sixteen inches thick,

or fretsaws cutting inside circles, or planing machines going at the rate of five thousand revolutions a minute, may be observed smoothing a dozen or more pine boards almost as quickly as one can write the words; to say nothing of a number of other ingenious machines, all appearing to go of themselves in a mysterious and magical way by reason of the fact that the driving belts, for avoidance of danger, are all fixed in a basement beneath the mill-room floor.

It would not interest the general reader, even were it possible to accomplish the feat within our present limits,



Stringing Room.

to describe in detail the whole process of pianoforte making from start to finish; but a glance here and there at some of the more important, or some of the more curious, aspects of the business may be both interesting and instructive. An elevator having carried the visitor to the top of the building, he may glance through one or more of the series of store-rooms wherein are stocked numbers of variously-shaped pieces of different kinds of wood such as were previously seen in course of preparation in the mill-room below. Then he may turn his attention to the fitting of some of these

together; to the fitting and glueing of the "backs;" or of the pieces of hard beech and spruce which go to form the wooden "wrest-planks;" or to the strengthening of sounding-boards, of Swiss or Hungarian pine, with what are technically termed "belly-bars." And he will notice that every piece of wood is carefully warmed in a hot cupboard before any glue is applied to it, and immediately afterwards subjected to such pressure that every particle of the glue which does not penetrate into the natural pores of the wood is forced out and rejected. And if he should happen by

chance to enquire what kind of glue is used, he will be told that it is "good enough to eat," being, in fact, quite as pure as much of the gelatine that actually is eaten in one's confectionery. So important is a fine quality of glue that the Brinsmeads decline to save a sum approaching to £200 a year, which they might easily do if they would consent to use an inferior de-

scription of this apparently insignificant material.

Each sounding-board consists of about thirty separate pieces of wood, firmly glued together, and the necessary pressure to consolidate them is applied by means of what are called "gobars," which, as shown in the illustration, look like the sturdy, stringless bows of a troop of old English archers, as they are bent between the sounding-board and a false roof overhead. The object of this arrangement is to bring a perfectly level pressure on every part of the glued material, and the visitor will probably be

greatly astonished when he is told that these "gobars" exert a pressure equal to the weight of several tons. The sounding-board, or "belly" as the manufacturer calls it, is one of the vital points of a piano, for without it, no matter how violently the strings might vibrate, we should, to all intents and purposes, get no tone at all.

Another vital point in a piano is the string-frame, technically known as the "back." In most of the best modern pianos the string-frame is made of iron, with a wooden wrest-plank inserted into it for the bearing of the strings, and it will be noticed that the wood used for this purpose is composed of numerous layers of varying thickness, with the grain running in different directions. But among the numerous improvements which the Brinsmeads have devised for their pianos is a frame cast, with wrest-plank complete, in one solid piece of iron. This frame is obviously the better able to stand the enormous strain of the strings, which in an upright grand is equal to a pressure of something like twenty tons; and it has also rendered possible an improved method of stringing, which, in its turn, has paved the way for a simplified method of tuning. These iron frames were to be seen in different parts of the factories in various stages of progress: in one place being drilled with row upon row of various sized holes for the pegs and nuts and screws which hold the strings in position, in another place being japanned and lacquered till they look like burnished gold, elsewhere being joined to the sounding-board, or fitted with strings of varying length and thickness and weight.



Grand Case-making Shop.

After the skeleton of a piano has been strung it is taken to one of the case-shops to be clothed in whatever suit of walnut, or rosewood, or mahogany may be intended for it, and these cases vary according to climatic, artistic, or other considerations. The case of a grand piano is usually made of five separate layers of wood, that have been steamed, and "bucked," and glued together in such a manner as to give a strength and durability that no single piece of timber of the hardest description could make any approach to. And the artistic ornamentation of the cases is on a par with the perfection of the sound-producing parts. One of our illustrations gives a black and white representation of a beautiful Louis XV. grand model, which is a triumph in its particular style; and another will perhaps give the reader some faint impression of a new and original idea for the decoration of pianos for which the Brinsmeads have secured a monopoly. This consists in the insertion in the centre of the panel of a fine reproduction, executed in colour on glass, of a noted picture by some famous painter. The one in our illustration shows Mr. Marcus Stone's "Foretaste of Summer," but the purchaser may make his choice from a number of pictures, including Mr. Alma

Tadema's "Reading from Homer" and "Earthly Paradise," or "The Captive Andromache," and these various pictures are interchangeable.

The pianoforte has been in a constant state of evolution, and to enumerate all the various improvements which the Brinsmeads alone have made in different parts of its mechanism would need a magazine article to itself, but passing



grand, an instrument under five and a half feet in length, with a compass of seven and a third octaves, containing all the latest improvements, and giving a volume of tone almost incredible for an instrument of so small a size.

The reader who has followed the description thus far will not have learned how to make a piano, or even have acquired any working notion of how pianos are made; but he should at least be able to see that the turning out of a first-class instrument involves a co-operation of capital, skill, judgment, and experience



mention may be made of their new triplex sounding-bar, and of a new patent transposing appliance, which enables the player to change his key with perfect ease, without the necessity of a separate pedal or lever, and which is consequently a great boon to accompanists, many of whom are not equal to immediate transposition. Of new models, perhaps the most striking and conspicuous is that which they have named the "Baby"

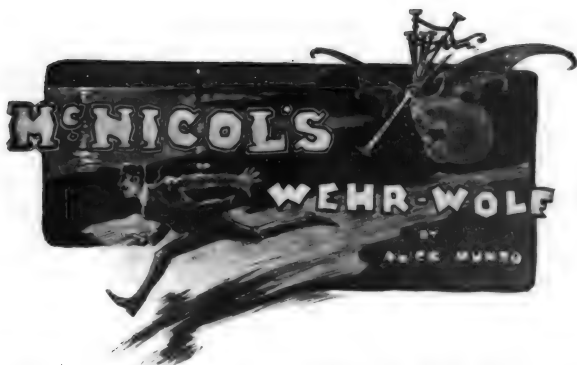
such as are not everywhere to be found in combination. He should be able to realise that the piano-maker must be not only a competent artisan, but a competent artist; and he may congratulate himself that even if it be admitted that the best of our music is made in Germany, the best of our musical instruments are made no further away than Kentish Town.

J. F.

MANY WAYS.

LIFE dawns, revealing vistas many-hued,
To each pale presence giving choice of ways,
And each alight with myriad laughing rays,
Though some with laurels, some with thorns are strewed;
Choose, then, as pleases best thy dream-veiled mind,
But may the path through rose-decked gardens wind.

C. H.-W.



QUINTA NOVA, Carcavellos, is the Eastern Telegraph Company's cable station at the mouth of the river Tagus. It is one of the half-dozen places where the news of all the earth comes to a focus. The telegrams of Reuter, Laffan, and Dalziel are stale news at Carcavellos, minutes or even hours before they are laid in "flimsy" on the sub-editor's desk of the great London daily. Therefore, one might suppose, the Carcavellos men have plenty of excitement.

But, as a matter of fact, life at Carcavellos is slow, undeniably slow, in spite of the fine climate, the wire-hot news, and the communistic habit of living. A little tennis, a little cricket, a little bathing, now and then a very little drinking, and always a great deal of reading and transmitting of the world's gossip in cypher or in plain speech—that is the life of the telegraph man. But sometimes he falls in love, and then he is a public benefactor; for the rest of "The Station" finds that in watching him it has a new interest in living. But when two of him fall in love at the same time, and with the same girl, as McNicol and little Dicksee did, the whole Common Room of the Quinta Nova tumbles as one man on to

its knees, and thanks heaven for the mercy that has been given it.

I heard the details of the McNicol-Dicksee episode partly from McNicol himself, and partly from Smith, the Carcavellos giant. Dicksee does not, for certain reasons, care to give information.

Smith says that the betting was all along in Dicksee's favour, because Dicksee was smart, and the other man was a duffer, and Scotch at that. Dicksee, for instance, was a fine cricketer; McNicol had never held a catch even in practice. Dicksee had recently been promoted to the cable testing department; McNicol was merely "on the instrument." Dicksee was a fluent talker; McNicol's tongue made consonants into gutturals, and vowels into long-drawn tortures. Dicksee was dapper of the Strand; McNicol uncouth, with the heather step of the Western Highlands. Therefore, men laid seven to two on Dicksee, and chuckled because they had got a soft thing.

The little man himself thought that there was no question about the matter. Did not Jo Layton let him fetch and carry for her, while the Scotchman sat apart and smoked? And had she not

smiled, and then blushed, when he took her empty cup at the last cricket match, and their hands met in a brief but lingering touch? Yes, Dicksee was sure, and, being sure, chaffed his rival; which was foolish.

When McNicol came back from the village one afternoon with a tale of the wehr-wolf which had been heard in the hills, the whole Common Room, led by Dicksee, roared with laughter at his solemn earnestness. McNicol retorted that more than a score of people in the village had heard the *lobis-homem*, and appealed to Antonio, the Common Room steward, to say whether it was not so.

"Sim, Senhor," said Antonio, "four times in the last ten days, and the child of Manoel Gonsalvez is dying. The mark of the foul beast is on her little white throat. Sim, Senhores, it is true!"

McNicol nodded, and explained to the other men that he had seen the marks of which Antonio spoke—two red spots where the fangs had gone in. The poor bairnie, he said, was as white as a bit of paper; and no wonder, since the brute had sucked her blood.

"You chaps may laugh," he went on defiantly, "and call me superstitious; but sure as I'm here, it's true! I'm thinking the bairn will die!"

He began to walk up and down the room, measuring the space from wall to wall in long jerky paces; it is a way Scotchmen have when they are excited. The other men fidgeted, and Dicksee began to laugh. McNicol halted in his sentry-go, and stared hard at the little man for a minute, with his finger-nails biting into his palms. He was slow in most things, but not in temper.

"Well, ye superceelious atom," he said solemnly, "I'm waiting—say it! Call me a fool; and I'll rattle your empty little head against yon wall!"

But Dicksee, for some reason, thought he wouldn't say it; so the blood flowed back again to the Scotchman's whitened knuckles, and without another word he strode from the room, and went to the instrument, full seven minutes before he was due to take his turn of duty.

Jo Layton heard of this incident a few

hours later, and she laughed; for she was a young lady who saw fun in many things which her informants thought were merely solemn. Now, her informant in this instance was, curiously enough, not Dicksee, but McNicol himself; and after he had reproved Miss Jo for her unseemly laughter when a bairn was dying, and had been forgiven by her for his presumption in daring to question anything which she chose to do, they talked of other things. Whereof more anon.

Dicksee meanwhile was laying down the law to Smith, the Carcavellos giant.

"I tell you," he was saying, "it's the fourth evening I've seen the Scot start out just about this time with that mysterious bundle under his arm; and he doesn't come back till long after dark, because I've watched. Are you on duty to-night?"

"No," said Smith, "not till eight in the morning!"

"Then we'll follow him. I want to know what's in that bundle!"

"Oh, I say!" said Smith nervously; "that's playing it rather low on him, isn't it? Besides, Dicky, I—"

"Well?"

"Shouldn't care to meet the *lobis-homem*, you know!"

"Who's asking you to meet the confounded fairy-tale?" said Dicksee irritably. "It doesn't exist, you fool! But if you're funky, I'll go alone!"

"Keep your thatch, little man," said Smith quietly. "I'll go!"

"Then come on, sharp! I know which way he went!"

They started out, taking a line for the hills. The sun was just disappearing over the brim of the world, marking on the sleeping Atlantic a silver pathway straight out westward, as though wishing to indicate to the two Carcavellos men the hidden bed of their cable to the Azores. Dicksee noticed this, and pointed out to his companion that even silent Nature was capable of the bad taste of talking shop; at which Smith, who was not imaginative, said "Rot!"

There was not a leaf moving, and the soft gradations of colour in the evening sky were unbroken by a single cloud. The eerie shadows crept up, and silently

blotted out more and more of the detail in the landscape, and the sky tints, as if to compensate, grew richer and deeper, while the jagged points of the Cintra hills outlined themselves sharp and black against the strange metallic sheen of the sky to the northward. Further south, over the Bugio light-house, the horizon beyond the bar was of a dull purple; and overhead in the zenith, the day-blue had not faded quite away, though there was now more of grey in it than there had been ten minutes before.

The two men had been walking for about a quarter of an hour when Smith stopped, and fumbled for his pipe. He used up four matches in lighting it, though there was not enough wind to float a thistle-down.

"Let's go back, Dickey," he suggested, with an uncomfortable laugh.

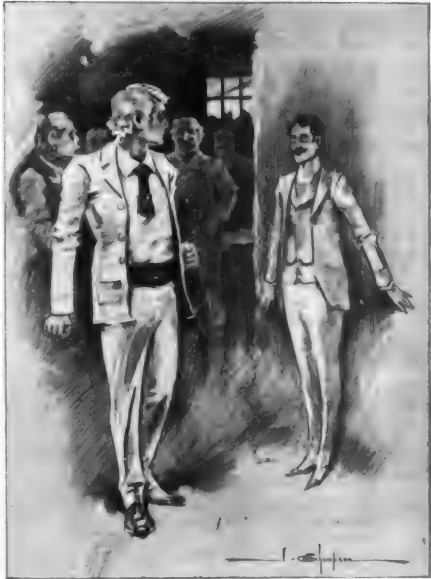
"Feeling nervous?" replied the little man lightly. "The shadows *are* a bit eerie!"

"No, but—"

"Well, out with it," said the other impatiently.

"I don't like it, I tell you. It's playing the game too low down."

"Rubbish!" said Dicksee scornfully. "The cold chastity of the sunset has got into your system, that's all. These oleograph effects are chilling to your Saxon nerves; they're too reminiscent of Cook's tours advertisements. Now if — By



"Call me a fool, and I'll rattle your empty head."

jove! there goes our quarry! Lie low for a minute, and watch!"

The door of a cottage some hundred yards in front of them had opened, and a man came out. In the rapidly growing darkness the two watchers could just make out that he carried a large bundle. He stood for a moment on the threshold, as though undecided which way to go; and then, slinging the bundle over his back, made off at a swinging pace for the hills.

"That's Scotty," pronounced Dicksee; "and he has seen something that has made him angry. Did you notice how jerkily he was walking?"

"What on earth could he be doing in that hovel?" asked Smith.

"Gazing like a funeral mute at the 'poor bairnie,' I expect; feasting his eyes on the sight of the two marks left by a foul *lobis-homem*," said Dicksee contemptuously.

"But he can't speak a word of Portuguese!"

"Doesn't matter. He can look his sympathy, can't he? It's just as pretty as talking!"

"I say! let's go and see the kid!" suggested the kindly giant.

"Want to leave a card 'with Messrs. Smith and Dicksee's kind enquiries'? No thanks! The brat's got scarlet fever, or smallpox perhaps, and I've no use for either at present. No; we'll follow Scotty. It's safer!"

By this time the night had blotted out the shapes of the shadows under the hedges, and the two telegraph men found it no easy matter to keep their quarry in view. McNicol walked fast, but so long as he kept to the lower ground it was easy tracking, for his figure was pretty visible as a moving blot on the whiteness of the road; but presently he turned off into an old ox-path which wound in and out among the pine trees on the hillside. Once under their shadow, he disappeared as completely as if a black curtain had been dropped behind him.

"*Exit chief villain*," muttered the little cable-man. "Smith, my son, we must trot, or we'll lose him. The moon will be up presently, thank goodness!"

A faint dome of light was just visible, rising over the river opposite Lisbon, but it would be a good quarter of an hour before it was high enough to pierce the shadows of the pines. The two men tucked in their elbows, and broke into a run.

After ten minutes of this, Dicksee had had enough.

"Way 'nough!" he gasped. "I'm about done; and besides, he can't be far ahead now, and we don't want to run into him. Let's take a breather. The moonlight has struck the hill in front there, so if he—My aunt! What's that?"

A long, doleful wail rose on the still night, and echoed weird and hollow from hill to pine wood and back again.

"Did you hear it?" whispered Dicksee tremulously. "Listen! there it is again!"

Once more the moaning sound rose, swelled to a scream of torment, and died away; but this time there seemed to be two voices wailing in mournful dissonance. The startled sparrows twittered and rustled among the pine needles overhead and a frightened rabbit stamped somewhere in the darkness. A shaft of moonlight crept through the trees, and struck upon Dicksee's cheek; and Smith wondered whether his own face was as grey and bloodless.

"Where does it come from?" whispered Dicksee huskily.

"That clump of brambles on the right, I think!"

"Is it the—*the thing*, you know?"

"The 'fairy tale'?" said Smith with a nervous laugh. "Yes, I think it is. But you don't believe in fairy tales, you remember, Dickey," he added cruelly.

"No-no, of course I don't; but—I say, let's cut!"

"All right. I don't like it any more than you do, so—Hullo! did you see that?"

"What? Where? Oh, come on!"

"Wait a bit. I swear I saw the moonlight flash on something. Looked uncommonly like a gun barrel. Yes, there it is again behind that big boulder! See it?"

By way of comment Dicksee jumped to his feet; but his face was turned away from the boulder—in point of fact, towards Carcavellos. Smith gripped him by the collar.

"No you don't, Dickey!" he whispered threateningly. "We've got to see this through now. You called the tune, remember; and hang it, you've got to dance to it!"

At this moment the unearthly wail rose once more into the quiet night, and swelled out to a very turmoil of dissonance. A rushing tempest of harsh demon laughter poured out from among the brambles, and the crags above caught the echoes and threw them back to the pine woods, which choked them with a muffled gurgle. The angry retort was frozen on Dicksee's lips.

Presently with a muttered exclamation

Smith leaned forward, and peered with shaded eyes into the bushes from which this devil's tumult came. The corners of his mouth began to twitch, but the laugh which was coming was changed into a snort of dismay before it could leave his lips.

He had seen a stealthy movement behind the boulder. The thing which gleamed like a gun had been shoved out further, and was levelled at the bramble clump. With a cry of horror Smith rushed to the place, and was just in time to knock up the barrel when there was a red flash and a bang, and the echoes in the hills rumbled to a deeper note as he

of brambles, but this time it was a burst of honest, human merriment, and Smith's own contribution to it was perhaps the loudest.

Dicksee, meanwhile, did not stop. When the sound of that shot rang out, he had seen the thing—it was winged, shapeless, and horrible, and it had a crest that fluttered high in the moonlight! He ran the whole five miles back to Carcavellos at top speed, and for the first mile he thought that all the devils in Portugal jeered and panted behind him.

Next morning he woke aching and ashamed, and after he had finished his tub went to find Smith to have things



"Now . . . There goes our quarry!"

stood with clenched fists over the man who was lurking behind the boulder. Dicksee was already a couple of hundred yards away down the road, heading at twelve miles an hour for Carcavellos.

"Caramba!" cried Smith; "I've saved you from murder by about a quarter of a second, my friend. Out for a quiet evening's devil-potting, are you? Well now, just come and be introduced to the devil you were going to shoot!"

He took the fellow by the collar and dragged him to the bramble clump, where the thing (silent now) was standing and watching. One minute later the noise of loud laughter rose again from that clump

explained. He found on the tennis court, not Smith, but Jo Layton and the Scotchman, playing a single in the cool of the morning before the sun grew too hot for active exertion. They stopped when they saw him, and the girl called out that she had some news for him.

"You'll be glad to hear," she said, "that Manoel Gonsalvez's little girl is much better. It was only measles, after all!"

"I never thought it was anything else," said Dicksee sulkily. "The other was only McNicol's foolishness!"

"Didn't you believe in the *lobis-homem*?" asked the girl quietly.

"No!"

"Oh!" said the tormentor, with a smile and a lift of the eyebrows; "I thought you must, you know, because—"

She stopped, and smiled again.

"Because what?" asked Dicksee shortly. He was snappish as a pup with the distemper.

"Because you ran so fast, you know!"

"Who told you I ran?"

"Nobody told me. I—I saw!"

Dicksee gasped, went pink all over his face and down his neck, and spluttered out: "You were behind that big boulder? With the gun? You were there?"

"Oh, no!" cried the girl gaily. "I can't shoot, so of course I wasn't the person with the gun. That was Manoel Gonsalvez, and the poor man wanted to shoot the wehrwolf that had sucked his little daughter's blood. Awfully silly and superstitious of him, wasn't it, to believe in such nonsense? I'm glad Mr. Smith was in time to knock up his barrel before he could fire into the brambles, and I think you'll be glad too, because, you know, I was amongst those brambles."

Dicksee stared at her for a moment in hopeless bewilderment, and then sank on to a seat, mumbling feebly something about wings, and a fluttering crest, and an awful howling noise. When McNicol heard this, he started forward, and muttered angrily beneath his breath, but the



"I've saved you from murder."

girl made him a sign to keep quiet, and went on:

"There were no wings or crest, Mr. Dicksee, and I think 'awful howling noise' is a little bit rude, seeing that it was I who made it. Mr. McNicol is teaching me to play the bagpipes, that's all. Seen in the moonlight, the bags, I daresay, might look a little bit like wings, and the reeds have streamers on them; but you shouldn't have said that about 'an awful howling noise!'"

"Infernal impudence!" put in the Scotchman indignantly. "I've a good mind to punch his head!"

Dicksee looked from one to the other. He was recovering his self-control a little, and was beginning to feel nasty, as his next remark showed.

"You were," he said slowly to the girl, with a curious meaning emphasis, "among the brambles — with McNicol — practising the bagpipes — by moonlight? Oh!"

Well, this time it was the girl's turn to blush, and she did so most becomingly. Then, with a shy look at McNicol (which he answered with a nod and an uneasy laugh), she held out her left hand. Dicksee saw that there sparkled on the third finger a diamond and ruby ring, which looked very new. The little man rose to the occasion nobly. He sprang to his feet, and congratulated his rival, who, truth to tell, looked rather sheepish. And that is the whole story.

But when the men who had bet seven to two on Dicksee heard that they had lost their money, they grumbled, as was natural. However, when they heard further what Smith and the Scotchman

between them had to tell of the adventure with the wehr-wolf, they recovered their tempers, and said that it was well worth the price. For, as I remarked before, Carcavellos is, for twelve months in the year, the dullest place in Europe.



On the third finger a diamond and ruby ring.



THE SORROWS



OF

MR. MORTON.

BY NORMAN FRASER.

"OH, Bob!"

"Oh, Kitty!"

"If only—!"

"If only I were a rich man instead of a poor devil of a trooper in the Rhodesian Mounted Police, we might—!"

"Oh, Bob, darling!"

"Oh, Kitty, sweetest!"

Bob Crauford and Kitty Templeton were supremely happy and profoundly miserable. They had just discovered the amazing and earth-shaking fact that they loved each other, hence their happiness, but Kitty was engaged to be married to Mr. Stephen Morton, financier, of Throgmorton Avenue, hence their misery, which, however, was powerless to sour the first sweet, frothy draughts of new-confessed love. In a weak moment, and before the amazing discovery, Kitty had allowed herself to be driven into an engagement with Mr. Morton, on whose nod depended the fortunes of her weak, unlucky father, and incidentally of her young brothers and sisters. It was impossible to draw back now; indeed, but for the sudden rising of the Matabele she would probably have already been on her way to England as Morton's bride. The re-

volt had, however, temporarily put all thoughts of matrimony out of the financier's head, which was principally filled with shuddering anticipations of a violent end and a fervent desire to get away.

"Oh, dear!" said Bob, after an interlude, which readers can fill in to taste, "if I only had £500 or £1,000 just now, I believe I could make my fortune—there are properties worth thousands going for a mere song. By the way, where is the brute?"

"S'sh!" said Kitty, laughing. "Mr. Stephen Morton has, I believe, ventured as far as the club this afternoon, the enemy having fled after yesterday's victory."

"The dirty funk! Why doesn't he go South with the women and children?"

"I only wish he would," replied Kitty, "but he's afraid."

"Afraid!" said Bob scornfully, slashing at imaginary Mortons with his riding whip. "Afraid! What of? The Mangwe's as safe as Piccadilly!"

"He doesn't think so," replied Kitty, capturing the whip. "He told papa last night that he could not, in the interests

of his shareholders, risk the journey without an adequate armed escort, and that, of course, the Commandant won't give him."

"By jingo!" cried Bob, and then became unusually thoughtful, a condition in which, despite Kitty's railery, he remained till the time came for him to go.

"You won't get killed, darling?" she cried, for he was going on patrol that night.

"Certainly not, dearest and loveliest," he responded, defying the lightning, "and you do really and truly love me?"

"You know I do, and you—!"

Some minutes later Bob was cantering on his way to barracks, and communing deeply with himself.

"By Gad!" he muttered, under his brown moustache, "the idea's all right, but it needs a cleverer head than mine to work it out. I must see the 'General,' and get his advice!"



"He doesn't think so," replied Kitty, capturing the whip.

A day or two later Mr. Stephen Morton was strolling towards the club in a very unpleasant frame of mind. The enemy had renewed their attacks on the town, and were daily pressing closer, and Mr. Morton cursed the day on which he had left England to come out and look over some properties in which he and others were interested. True, he had met and bought Kitty Templeton, but at present the safety of his own skin was the subject uppermost in his thoughts. The Matabele had left the Mangwe Pass open, so that, as they said, the white people could leave the country

in peace, but he did not believe it was safe, certainly not without an escort.

His pale, flabby cheeks took a pinkish tinge as he thought of his interview with the Commandant, when he had asked for an armed guard. Never before had the magnate of Throgmorton Avenue been addressed with such distressing frankness, and his ears tingled as he recalled some of the Commandant's higher flights of rhetoric; and again he cursed his unhappy fate aloud.

"Hallo, sir! You seem annoyed about something?" said Bob Crauford, who had carefully manoeuvred himself across the financier's path.

"Oh, not at all, Crauford; not at all!" said Morton. "Merely the heat and the flies; any news?" he added anxiously.

"My yes," said Bob gravely; "haven't you heard about poor old Fizzer Barton?"

"No," cried Morton eagerly; "what about him?"

"Oh, they cut him off on patrol the other day," replied Bob, with a steady face; "we found his body this morning, tied to an ant heap, and the fiends had cut off his nose and ears, and burnt his eyes out—they always do, you know, when they catch you alive!"

The financier's fat knees knocked together, his pink and white cheeks turned a dirty yellow, and he absolutely gasped for breath.

"B-b-b-but we're quite safe here, aren't we?" he stammered, shaking like a badly-made jelly.

"Don't

know," said Bob with admirably assumed concern. "Babyaan and Seccombi have effected a junction, and they'll take some keeping out!"

"G-good God!" wailed the unhappy Morton; "then we may all be captured, and k-k-killed."

"Possible," said Bob briefly; "but

why don't you go down South whilst there's a chance?"

"I would! I would! but I can't get an escort!" and he cursed the Commandant and all his works.

Bob listened sympathetically.

"Beastly shame!" he said, when the other had sworn himself out of breath;

"perhaps I can help you. Let us go into the Maxim and talk it over?"

The result of the colloquy may be gleaned from Bob's parting words:

"Very well, Mr. Morton," he said, "in consideration of my providing a escort for you, and seeing you safely through the Mangwe Pass, you agree to pay me £500. The coach and drivers to be provided at your expense, and the money paid down before starting."

"Agreed," replied Morton, "and you'll get good men, won't you, Mr. Crauford?"

"Trust me,

sir," said Bob cheerily. "The old liar," he added, as Morton shambled off; "he swore it was all the ready money he had. But now to beat up the boys—there's a little something else I want from you yet, my worthy and courageous friend!"



"Hallo, sir, you seem annoyed about something?"

• • • • •

A big and good-humoured crowd assembled to witness the departure of Mr. Stephen Morton and escort. Morton was relieved to find the crowd good-humoured, he had rather feared a hostile demonstration, but, on the contrary, everyone seemed most friendly, though there was an air of covert amusement about their wishes for a *safe* journey, which rather puzzled the man of money. Kitty was there, too, beaming and unusually gracious, and looking adorably pretty. Morton had made one or two half-hearted efforts to induce her to accompany him, but had been secretly relieved when she flatly refused, as he wished the coach to travel as light as possible. He had, however, taken good care to impress upon her that as soon as the country was settled again he would return to claim her. At

length the last refractory mule was in-spanned, the bootless, yellow-skinned, grinning driver mounted his box, and gathered up the rawhide reins in a manner which would have astonished the dandy whips of the Park; Morton took his seat in the ramshackle leather and iron hencoop; the noisy clattering escort fell into some sort of order with Bob Crauford at their head, and amidst a mighty yell of laughter and cheers the cortège rattled off on its perilous journey!

The Mangwe Pass, which leads from Buluwayo to the South, is a long, narrow defile about sixty miles in length, and shut in for the greater part of its course by dark, frowning rocks, though here and there it opens out into broad, scrubby veldt. Beyond the post stations and a few wayside stores, there are no signs of



Morton flung himself on the floor and frantically tried to burrow beneath the narrow seats.

life, and at the time of our story even the latter had been hastily abandoned.

Owing to the poor condition of the mules and the uneven, rock-strewn road, the coach was still some ten miles from the outlet of the Pass when the sun began to dip beneath the horizon. Despite the delays, everything had so far gone on well, and not a vestige of the enemy had been seen. Lulled by copious draughts from his flask, Morton had sunk into a peaceful slumber, despite the jolting of the coach and the general discomfort of his position. Suddenly a shot, followed by others, rang out. The coach stopped abruptly, and the driver remembered a pressing appointment, which he incontinently went to keep — in the nearest hole, and Morton awoke to livid, palpitating, cold-drawn terror. He rushed

to the window, but the coach had stopped in the narrowest and gloomiest part of the defile, and he could see nothing but the dark, slimy rocks. The firing grew hotter and hotter, and fierce yells and shouts broke the dank stillness of the air. Presently a bullet whistled through the hangings of the coach, and with a terrified wail Morton flung himself on the floor, and frantically tried to burrow beneath the narrow seats. To add to the horror of the situation, the sun went down, and the Pass became almost pitch dark. Then, for a moment or two, the firing slackened, and Morton ventured to look up. He saw a dark form at the window, and with a despairing howl he snatched his revolver and fired.

"You d—d fool!" roared a wrathful English voice. It was Bob Crauford, covered with dust and sweat, a smoking rifle in his hand.

"Your pardon, Mr. Morton," he said in a quieter tone. "Look here, sir, it's all up! The niggers are in thousands! My men are dead beat, and can fight no longer! We shall have to leave you—there's not a horse to spare!"

"My God, Mr. Crauford!" burst from the wretched poltroon's livid lips, "you can't, you daren't—you *won't* leave me?"

"It's our lives or yours, I am afraid!" said Bob coolly.

Morton wept and raved like a madman, and at last, tearing open his coat, pulled out a bundle of notes and gold.

"Here," he sobbed, "take it all, take it all—only fight—fight a little longer!"

"That may do for the men," said Bob, pocketing the money, "but it won't do for me!" he added with sudden ferocity.

"What d'ye mean?" gasped the unhappy Morton; "it's all I have—I swear it. I'll send you a thousand pounds—five thousand—when I get to England, only say what you want, and save me!"

"You must give up Kitty Templeton!" said Bob.

"Give up—!" stammered Morton vacantly.

"Yes, I love her. Quick. Sign this paper renouncing all claims to her, and I'll see what I can do!"

Morton's trembling fingers could scarce perform their office, but at last the fateful document was signed and handed over.

For another quarter of an hour the fight raged and swayed to and fro, then the firing slackened, dropped, and finally ceased.

"It's all right, sir," shouted Bob cheerily, as he rode back at the head of his victorious troopers, "we've beaten them off this time!"

But he spoke to deaf ears. Mr. Morton lay in a dead faint, from which he did not emerge until the coach swung out of the Pass, and drew up by the little wayside store which marks the entrance.

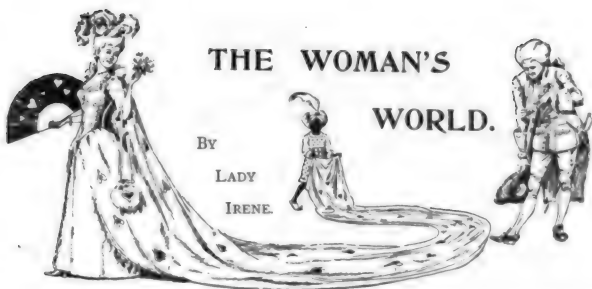
* * * * *

Bob Crauford used his £500 and his share of the extra loot to great advantage, and is now one of Buluwayo's most prominent town councillors. He and Kitty often enjoy a hearty laugh over the attack on the coach, which, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, was nothing but a carefully planned hoax.

As for Mr. Stephen Morton, he has never again left the safety of Throgmorton Avenue, and to this day firmly believes that he passed through unparalleled dangers, which he recounts with great gusto, and in which, according to his own account, he played a dare-devil part.

In his secret heart he thinks that Kitty Templeton was a cheap price to pay for his life, an opinion with which we do not coincide.





THE present is always superior to the past! That is a trite truism; and though a safe anchor, like many another old-world saw, will not bear a too close or philosophic analysis. But to the winds with philosophy when clothes are the subject. For have we not been told on most excellent authority that "this same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey;" and nowadays we travel far and wide, and must have serviceable hacks. And this preamble! What does it signify? Merely that again mine is the pleasure to repeat the oft-re-echoed cry that "fashions are prettier than ever." And so let us all bow dutifully, and worship submissively at Dame Fashion's ever-verdant shrine.

She has modes to suit one and all. The "divinely tall" is undoubtedly her favourite child, but even to the "dumpy" woman to-day she is not unkind, and on the "old" woman she smiles so graciously that the grandmother may look as young as her own daughter.

The She-who-must-be-obeyed rules us, not with a rod of iron, but with a rod of gold. Beautiful, and, alas and alack! costly are the chiffons, old embroideries, furs stripped from the rarest beasts, and the thousand and one addenda that are so essential to complete lovely woman. A dress that I saw no later than yesterday at one of the smartest ateliers in London is a bright, though I fear me but

passing, example of art in the sartorial world. It is made in a very soft and fine-faced cloth of a dull putty shade. The long trailing skirt is finished at the back with a box pleat, and around the border are incrustations of panne velvet of a darker tone, headed at the top with five rows of narrow skunk. The bodice has a bolero of cloth incrustated with smaller designs of panne, and bordered with three rows of skunk. The front of the bodice and high belt are of putty-coloured chiffon, completed by a large collar of Cluny lace, which fastens with old paste buckles. This gown is to grace one of our fairest and youngest English duchesses at a coming function in Paris. Another dress, seen at the same establishment, that strained my bump of acquisitiveness to breaking point, is white satin painted with wild flowers, mauve predominating. The skirt has each seam concealed with insertions of Duchesse lace. The low corsage is gathered into a deep corselet of pale mauve panne, and five tiny little tucks of the same edge the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves are of Duchesse lace, and reach to the wrist. But it is not to incite evil passions that I record the glories of these two frocks, but only to show how worthily may the lucky possessor of old lace turn her stores to advantage, or she who possesses the almighty dollar disburse it. But that the effective dress is not always of necessity costly, the

dinner gown depicted here loudly proclaims. Such a gown is certainly well within the bounds of the dress allowance of most women. It is composed of rose-pink Liberty satin, which harmonises delightfully with the black tulle under-fichu and its smart bow, and the strap-pings of black velvet with their pretty little buckles of pink and black enamel. The ubiquitous box pleat trails its soft folds at the back, while around the décolletage there is the daintiest of lace fichus, and lace vandykes to match enrich the skirt. And what this lace is just depends on your own sweet will, fortified, possibly, by the length of your purse. Honiton, Cluny, Irish point, or any real lace, would look well — an imitation would not be unbecoming. Or highly commended would be a *point d'esprit*, the border applique with a narrow real lace.

If one only knows where to go, there are many places where dainty trifles at

moderate cost may be purchased. A favourite resort of mine is Gregg's, 92,

New Bond Street. There one is always certain to find those innumerable dainty little trifles that bestow *cachet* on the simplest costume, and mark unerringly *la femme élégante* from her common place sister. The little sketch on the last page does but faint justice to the articles it limns. The revers that look so staid and sedate there are in reality delightfully smart and chic. I purchased a set, and therefore consider I have a right to lay down an emphatic dictum. They are of exquisite workmanship. They are made of very fine linen, drawn in various and beautiful designs, copied from old stoles dating far back in the centuries, the work of Armenian refugees now in Cyprus.

The revers of which I am the proud possessor

are double, as in the sketch. I have had them mounted on green panne velvet, and the edges boast a rather thick rou-



A Dainty Dinner Gown.

leau of black velvet. Triumphantly they decorate a black-faced cloth coat, worn, of course, with a skirt to match. The green is repeated in a small felt toque, and again in a much-befrilled petticoat, while the stock that adorns my neck echoes the same hue. And then fancy the joy of purchasing for posterity; for that is what I have done, and at the cost of but 35s. to myself. At intervals I shall wear my revers first on a coat, then on a dress, and then again, perhaps, on opera or evening cloak. But nothing can wear them out, and of such perfect workmanship are they that eventually they will find a little nook in the chest set aside for old embroideries, laces, and treasures, such as our forbears left for us, and which we, in our turn, will doubtless leave for those by whom we are succeeded. Pre-eminently pleasing is the stock, or tie, also shown in my sketch. It boasts a collar-band edged with lace, made properly trim and stiff around the throat, with long ends, very neatly arranged at the back, which pass around to the front and tie in bow or knot. They can be made in black, white, or any colours, and look particularly nice when they match the hat. They are easy to adjust, and are just *the thing* to be worn under a sable boa. The little gleam of colour peeping out when the boa is unfastened is daintily fascinating. Since the days of Marie Antoinette the fichu has been a fashion of perennial bloom. But there are fichus and fichus. Some give a most undesirable humpiness to their hapless wearers. Mr. Gregg makes a speciality of the fichu, and his models are cut and sloped away on the shoulders, and arranged with double round collars at the back, so that while retaining the negligence—the distinctive feature of the fichu—they are eminently suitable for the matronly figure where the too, too solid flesh rises up and threatens to destroy the line between ear and shoulder. There are fichus of all kinds and varieties. Some dainty and simple of spotted net edged with lace, others in French blondé lace; but one that, in my estimation, outshone all rivals is composed of hand-run point d'Alençon. For maid or matron it would be a most charm-

ing gift, and an enviable possession. Handkerchiefs, gloves, stockings, veils are to be found galore at 92, New Bond Street, and all glorying in some little novelty such as is sure to appeal to the woman of refined taste.

Yet, to possess pretty clothes is but half the battle; the culminating point is their suitability, and that they should carry the final and subtle touch that stamps on them one's own artistic individuality. This is so obvious, that were it not for the object-lessons of ill-attired women that are to be met everywhere—drawing-room, park, and ball-room—I would not have the courage to repeat what everyone knows, though so many fail to practise. There are times when I am dumb with amazement at the humility and self-abnegation of some of Fashion's less worthy adherents. Not a few seem content to be mere perambulating dressmakers' blocks. They clothe themselves in garments of brilliant yet unbecoming hue so that the light of their eyes is extinguished, and the colour of their too delicately tinted hair—that's a euphemism for sandy—is completely annihilated. There are sins of omission and commission as numerous as the stars of the heavens. To detail them would be absolutely impossible. But to avoid the more glaring crimes, there is one broad rule—always dress in a strong light. Of course, I speak to the wise, the fool must of necessity be left severely alone, for she will not read these pages. In the daytime let your windows be unshrouded, the curtains drawn straight back so that the sunlight is not attenuated by any draperies. Shun becoming rose-pinks and similar snares of the upholsterer; remember, you do not carry these about with you. And also in the evening, when dressing, surround yourself with a full quantum of strong but slightly shaded lights. All this implies courage. For, whether you be young, or whether you be old—plain or pretty—you will note undreamed-of imperfections. But the reward of your bravery is of the highest order. You will know your own imperfections, and, knowing them, assuredly you will be able to modify them, or perhaps altogether remedy them, or may-

be, at the worst, hide them. And what is the most important point of all, you will never clash with your own clothes. An unpardonable offence.

Now for a moment let me turn from the personal to the psychological, and commend to your notice "The Autobiography of a Charwoman." It is a most wonderful book, and has raised many and divers opinions. A woman's soul — a charwoman's — is



Charming Feminine Frivolities.

laid bare and dissected by a master-hand, a new writer among novelists, Annie Wakeman. The heroine, Betty Dobbs, I think a saint, for she never had a selfish thought, and her sainthood is delightfully leavened by that shrewd, quaint humour that belongs to the unlettered class, who read men and women in place of books. Her "upbringings," as she would term them, had not been of the most moral character, and there are

certain conventions against which she sins. I recommended the book to a charming old lady, and after she had read it: "My dear, how could you advise me to read anything so shocking?" with a rebukeful nod of her head, she exclaimed. But then, in spite of her grey hairs and ever-ready smile this little old lady resembles that classic tyrant of ancient Greece. He stretched or docked his victims' limbs until they fitted the bed which was his idea of the correct proportions for all humanity. And my friend, like him, will not take into count circumstance or condition, and only admits one standard in her anthropological picture.

And now to help to ring clearer what Byron calls:

"That all-softening overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell,"

let me give you one delicious little dish, an excellent substitute for fish, and one which may very well occasionally adorn your menu on Mondays, when fish is of somewhat doubtful freshness. Boil the required number of eggs, allowing one for each person, for seven minutes. Remove their shells, and plunge for half a second in cold water, and dry on a clean cloth. Have ready prepared some fried bread-crumbs—they should be a pale gold colour—mix with these some lean grated ham, a couple of pounded anchovies, and a dust of cayenne pepper. Spread this forcemeat on a fresh piece of kitchen paper, beat up an egg, roll the hard eggs first in this, and then over and over the forcemeat, until they present a uniform brown surface. Fry in lard, fat, or oil, and serve very hot decorated with fried parsley and stoned olives.





BY TRISTRAM K. MONCK.

AMONG the many names owned by the numerous friends of Bharwal Sing, that of Guy Welsey, Commissioner, stood out prominently. Furthermore, Bharwal Sing, otherwise ruler of the Indore State, made him get clear of the ruck by ranking rather as a brother than as a simple friend.

In time Bharwal's *penchant* for the Commissioner of Police began to be observed, he becoming, as time wore on, the object of all sorts of flatteries and gifts by those who wanted to obtain a favour from their sovereign—they noted that he was a man to be propitiated.

Thus it came about that whenever Welsey spent his "leave" in the Indore, he received both the gifts and the flatteries with enviable unconcern, and whilst the natives never benefited in the slightest degree from their offerings, the Commissioner certainly did, and, being somewhat grasping of disposition, spoke of the Central India province with deep feeling, ever describing it as a "charming country."

On one occasion some two months had barely elapsed since he had returned from the Indore to Bombay, when he received the following letter as he was at tiffin:

"DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—

"Ever flying to you in times of trouble and adversity to be advised, I now write to you to aid me in, shall I say, my extremity?

"Obtain leave, dear friend, and come to my palace in all haste, if you would save me from death, and see me once again in life!

"Assured of your devotion, I salute you till we meet a few days hence.

"BHARWAL SING."

Welsey glanced at the strange missive before him from all points of the compass, then whistling softly to himself, placed the letter in his pocket, and strolled out into Bombay to ask for the required leave.

This, after some demur, was granted to

him on the production of the letter, the authorities scenting mischief from afar, and reading more between the lines than the Commissioner did, possibly.

"Keep a sharp look-out, Welsey," said his chief warningly. "There is more in this than meets the eye, in all probability, and if you manage to work the thing properly, old Bharwal, etc., will come down handsomely, and if England is at all touched in the business, you know that she does not forget those who do her good service."

Welsey saluted, and was about to leave the room, when the force of his chief's last words' significance struck him.

"Is England likely to prove in any way hit by this affair?"

"Is she? I should say that it was highly probable!" replied Welsey's chief. "In fact, the letter of which you have to-day been the recipient rather bears out a hint which was wired to me, that in all probability Indore would have a new ruler before long, as they feared that a plot was on foot to poison the old ruler, so as to leave the throne vacant for that wastrel Rao Sylhet." The chief shrugged his shoulders, then continued, "That Rao Sylhet should replace Bharwal Sing is a course of events which would prove extremely distasteful to the home Government, as his hatred of England is too well known to be enlarged on by me to you. This, however, is not such general property. When here last year, Rao Sylhet struck up a hot friendship with a certain Count de Trazignies, who gave out that he was French! Such, however, is not the case, for Colonel Herbson, of the 3rd Bengal, when attached to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, remembers him there as a certain Count Ivan Petrov, a member of the Secret Police and one of the Secret Intelligence Department. I, for a fact, know that at one time he was a spy in Serajavo, where I believe he distinguished himself greatly. That such a man should become an intimate friend of the heir to the Indorese throne, to my mind, certainly seems to indicate that mischief is brewing. Anyhow, England does not want a friend of Russia to succeed to a throne at present held by a staunch supporter of the British

Empire. I tell you this in secrecy, as an aid to your investigations, should murder seem hard on the heels of Bharwal Sing, which, judging from your letter, appears to be the case."

"Thanks; it may prove an invaluable clue in case of need. Good-afternoon!"

"Good-afternoon, and luck. I know you too well to think that you will fit the fact to the theory!"

"No; I always fit the theory to the fact." Then, with another smile and a nod, Welsey left the room.

The sun was shining brightly down on the white built city of Indore, when Welsey rode into it some six days after the conversation related above. Although early in the morning, the heat was terrific, so it was with a sincere feeling of thankfulness that he rode into the courtyard before the palace, and jumping off his jaded steed, gave his reins to an attendant, desiring to be taken immediately to his master.

"His Highness gave orders that you were to be shown into his presence as soon as you came," said a man wrapped in a serape coming towards him, salaaming profoundly as he came down the steps leading to the palace. "I have heard the Sahib say that he desired to see my master, and therefore will conduct him to His Highness now, if it be the Sahib's pleasure!"

He turned, and Welsey, following his swift guide, soon reached the portico, across which heavy curtains were drawn. These the native drew aside, announcing in a loud voice:

"Welsey Sahib!"

Then, as the Commissioner entered, he drew them together again with the rapid movement born of long practice.

From a divan at the further end of the room rose a handsome man of some thirty years of age, who advanced to meet Welsey, exclaiming in a glad voice, as he kissed him on the forehead:

"Welcome to Indore! You are greater and dearer to me than a brother!"

"Your Highness's welcome is always a cheery one," said Welsey gaily. "It ever makes one feel at ease." Then, dropping his voice, he added in low tones: "I have come here in answer to

your letter. I expected to see you haggard and worn, but I must say that for a man who appears to be in daily dread

way to an inner room, the entrance of which was guarded by double doors, which he closed with care. Then, sign-



"Welsey Sahib!"

of his life—so the missive gave me to understand — your Highness seems remarkably well."

Bharwal Sing smiled, then slipping his arm through that of Welsey, led the

ing to the Commissioner to seat himself on a divan, he said:

"Yes; I feel remarkably well, yet, nevertheless, I know my days are numbered."

"Might I ask why?" enquired Welsey cheerily. "Come, I am here to help you. It is not the first time that I have helped you in a difficulty and got you safely out of the same. What makes you nervous? Have you heard of a plot?"

"My friend," said the native ruler, with a droll smile, "your whole life seems to be centred on plots! As yet there are none here that I know of."

"Has your life been attempted at any time, then?"

"My life has not been attempted!"

"Do you doubt anybody?"

"I doubt nobody!"

"You have never received any warning that your life was to be attempted?"

"None yet, but I feel that I shall shortly lose my life," replied the native potentate, moodily, seating himself.

Welsey sat down, uncertain in his mind as to whether the man before him was sane or no.

"Will your Highness kindly state the situation?"

"Certainly; it would have been better had I done so at first, for I fear that by now you must think I am wandering in my mind. I am as sane as you, though," he said emphatically, "therefore, when I say that love is like enough to cause my death, do not think that it is the uttering of a madman's—"

"Love?" cried Welsey starting, uncertain whether to believe his ears or no.

"Yes, love," repeated Bharwal Sing.

"Incomprehensible as it may seem to you, it is nevertheless true! I will, however, tell you my tale from the beginning, and then leave you to judge whether I be sane or no. You are not aware, perhaps, that beneath this palace there is a natural cavern, traversed by a subterranean stream? No; I thought that I had not told you of its existence. There are but two entrances to this cavern, the one from the chamber wherein I sleep, undiscoverable to all who know not the trick of the revolving masonry which guards the opening leading down to it; the other in an old Brahmin temple some two miles without the city walls. Originally it was made attainable by Rao Sun, who saw in it a safe way of flight should he ever need it; as a matter of fact, he did

use it, and was cut down in the temple as he emerged from the secret passage. That, however, is old history. I will come to the point, my friend. Nearly a month ago, on retiring to my couch, I heard the distant sound of a voice trilling such melody as never ever left a throat other than divine. The sound, though faint, I soon located as percolating through the masonry which barred the way to the cavern. Pressing the spring, the wall revolved, and instantly the heavenly voice grew clear, and out of the murky void which lay before me, exhaled a sweet odour, which, greeting my nostrils, exhilarated me till my head grew dizzy and my legs bade fair to fail to support my body. In a moment or so this passed, and, holding tightly on to the rail which runs beside the wall, I descended the rough-hewn steps with care, being guided on through the darkness by the voice, alas! I now love so well. On reaching the cavern, a dim light revealed my surroundings, and I halted, dazed—for there, across the languid flowing water, at the further end of the cave, stood a woman. Dear friend, I cannot describe her to you, for she is more beautiful than the houris of paradise, and I gazed in wonder as she stretched her arms across the brazier which was exhaling those sweet odours—which slowly sapped me of my strength, and cried, 'Come!' I made a step forward till I came to the edge of the water, then I halted, and, a nameless fear seizing me, I turned from the spot and fled down the passage from the presence of the woman who was charming me to my doom. Since then, dear friend, each night I have heard that voice which thrills my every fibre. Each night I have smelt the same odour which robs me of my manhood, and makes me as weak as a little child. Each night I have heard the song which bids me come, and each night I have to fight and cling on to my couch to prevent myself answering that voice which speaks to me of paradise! One day, in the near future, I shall go, and she will charm me to my death in the river! Dear friend, it is that you should aid me to resist her that I have asked you to come!"

The voice of the potentate grew wistful as he uttered the last words.

"Can you do this?"

"Your Highness can rest assured that I will unravel the mystery, if it is possible for me to do so," replied Welsey, mentally thinking that Bharwal Sing was mad.

"What do you propose doing?"

"I was about to ask your Highness to let me sleep in the room with you to-night," said Welsey.

"Do as seems best to you," replied Bharwal Sing. Then, turning the conversation, he commenced to talk on other topics.

Night came, and Welsey entered the sleeping apartment of the ruler of Indore, almost as soon as did its rightful owner. Here he quietly produced two revolvers, and, carefully inspecting the chambers, said to the surprised Bharwal Sing:

"Your Highness is an excellent shot, therefore I have brought a third revolver for you!"

"But why?"

"In return for the gift I want the loan of one of your most resplendent robes!"

"You are going to impersonate me?"

"To the best of my ability. I also want to know if you have a man in your service whom you can trust as you would yourself?"

"Yes, one—my secretary, Sulka Ra!"

"Will your Highness then issue orders that some twenty soldiers of your guard be under his orders, and, furthermore, command his presence here?"

Utterly mystified, Bharwal Sing gave



"I descended the rough-hewn steps."

the required orders, and in a few moments one of his most gorgeous suits arrived, almost conjunctly with Sulka Ra.

Welsey put on the magnificent Indian dress brought him, then turning to the secretary, said:

"On hearing a shout, you will order the men under your command to follow you, and you will join us!"

"Yes, Sahib!"

"Are you ready?" enquired Welsey, glancing at Bharwal Sing.

"For what?"

"To come down to the cavern!"

Bharwal Sing started.

"Why?" he enquired.

"Because there will be a startling revelation for you to see," replied Welsey briefly. "Your men are within call, Mr. Secretary?"

"Yes, Sahib!"

"Then wait here till you hear a revolver shot, then follow us!"

He stepped towards the wall. "I will precede your Highness!"

"But it is too early, dear friend, to see her!"

"Precisely. On inspecting the place this afternoon I decided I should be there before this hour appeared!"

He tapped the wall, and a portion of the heavy masonry fell away, revealing an obscure hole, into which they entered, descending the rough, but even, steps carefully. Arrived at the bottom of the flight, Bharwal Sing paused and glanced enquiringly at his companion.

"We are just in time," replied Welsey hoarsely, dragging his native friend into the shadow of a buttress as the sound of distant footfalls fell upon his ears. "For here they come. You must cover the girl with your revolver when the time arrives!"

"But—!"

"Hush!" commanded Welsey hoarsely. "We must not frighten our quarry!"

The words had barely left his lips before the cavern became illuminated by a faint light, and they heard the dim murmur of voices. Then came the clatter of planking, which was followed by a voice exclaiming in hushed accents:

"Draw back the bridge, Yanshi; I dropped my knife somewhere near this spot last night. Light your brazier, but don't start charming the old beggar here till I have found it!"

Welsey crept out of his concealment and faced the two men, covering them with his revolvers.

"I picked it up this afternoon, dear friends!" said he sardonically.

"Curse it!" cried one of the twain, in perfect English—he was a white man.

"May the vultures of perdition slay you!" exclaimed the other.

"Thank you!" replied Welsey, pressing the barrel of his revolver at the head of the white man's companion, whom he had no difficulty in recognising as Rao Sylhet. "Will you kindly fire a shot, your Highness?"

Bharwal Sing did as he was bid, then covered the cowering girl.

"One step, Count Ivan Petrov," cried Welsey, "means your life. Keep your hands still, or I'll blow your brains out with as little compunction as I would those of a rabbit!"

"What's your price for letting me slip?"

"My life!" returned Welsey grimly.

"And you don't get that!"

"I'll give you a thousand—"

"I'll not take an anna—"

A sudden rush of soldiery interrupted his reply, as Sulka Ra dashed into the cavern at the head of his men.

"Arrest my nephew and this man!" cried Bharwal Sing sternly. "Also that girl on the other side of the stream. The bridge is there, cross it!"

In a moment the men were overpowered and bound, and taken up the roughly-hewn steps, followed by the girl and her captors.

The following day the three were arraigned before Bharwal Sing, and convicted of treason, Rao Sylhet being led out to meet a doom which would have been shared by the beautiful girl had not Welsey obtained a reprieve for the maiden, who had begun to enslave him all unknowingly. The fate of the Russian was left for Welsey to decide.

"I know I am up a tree," he said calmly to his judge. "But I should like to know what first gave you the tip that I was in the game, and that there was a plot to murder the old boy?"

"Your crass carelessness gave me the tip as to who was concerned in the plot," replied Welsey coolly. "Your name on the knife which I picked up in the cavern gave me the clue which I was searching for to-day. Your intimacy with Rao Sylhet at Bombay gave me the clue as to who your partner in the venture was, as did the discovery of the knife by the buttress, on the opposite side of the stream to where the singer was seen,

show what your purpose was. I have also known what the effect of an Indian love charm is, so you see, my dear Count, things have dove-tailed without a hitch. Still, I should like to know why you did not kill Bharwal Sing the first night?"

"We were not ready," replied the Count coldly. "Am I going to be strung up?"

"I think not, if you are smart," replied Welsey airily. "I should, however, get outside Indore within twelve hours, and head straight for the Indian frontier. If you are found in India a month from now, your life will not be worth a moment's purchase! Go! your horse is awaiting you without!"

Count Petrov bowed, and left the room hurriedly.

"And now," said Welsey, turning to Bharwal Sing, "I have to ask you a favour."

"It is granted before you ask, O Preserver of my throne!" said the native impulsively. "What is it?"

"I want Yanshi as my wife!" said Welsey. "Will you grant me her life?"

"It is yours," replied Bharwal Sing quickly. "May you be ever happy, and may none give you a wedding present of greater value than mine shall be!"

Welsey was about to burst forth into a torrent of thanks, when he was prevented by Bharwal Sing's sudden exit from the chamber.

Left to his own devices, Welsey went to the room where the imprisoned Yanshi awaited her death. Signing to the guard to shoot back the heavy bolts, the Commissioner entered.

She rose as the heavy doors fell back, and then closed with a hollow clang.

"Is it you, Sahib?" she said in pleased surprise, an odd trembling becoming apparent in her voice.

"Yes; it is I," he said coldly. "They say you have a beautiful voice, girl. Sing!"

She sang, and Welsey, enthralled, listened to the love song which poured in one torrent of melody from her lips. By turns wistful, triumphant, commanding, glad and pleading, the song held him almost breathless till she ended.

"Glorious!" said he. "Would that I were the man you in thought sang those words to, and meant them!"

"You are he," she said simply.

"I?" he echoed amazed. "You have seen me but once!"

"Is not love born at first sight?" she asked. "I love you, Sahib; you are the only man I have ever given more



"I have come to offer you life."

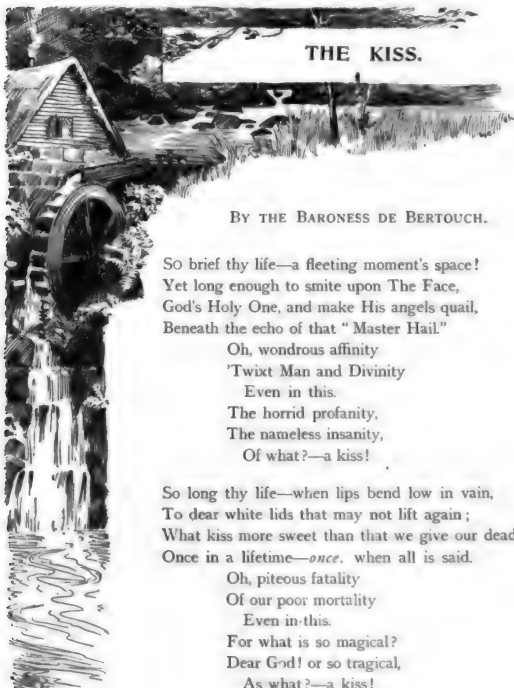
than a passing thought to! You have come to lead me to my death, and I am not ashamed to avow my love. I shall feel that my end is robbed of half its sting since it is ordered by the master of my heart. One does not lie with the hand of death on one, Sahib," she cried proudly.

"I have come to offer you life, Yan-

shi!" cried Welsey, seizing and embracing her. "Life! not death!"

But his kisses fell on inanimate flesh; the shock had been a great one, and she had fainted in his arms.

Thus it came about that when the Commissioner Guy Welsey returned to England he had a beautiful woman for a wife, beautiful indeed—but a Hindoo.



THE KISS.

BY THE BARONESS DE BERTOUCH.

So brief thy life—a fleeting moment's space!
Yet long enough to smite upon The Face,
God's Holy One, and make His angels quail,
Beneath the echo of that "Master Hail."

Oh, wondrous affinity
'Twixt Man and Divinity
Even in this.

The horrid profanity,
The nameless insanity,
Of what?—a kiss!

So long thy life—when lips bend low in vain,
To dear white lids that may not lift again;
What kiss more sweet than that we give our dead?
Once in a lifetime—*once*, when all is said.

Oh, piteous fatality
Of our poor mortality
Even in this.

For what is so magical?
Dear God! or so tragical,
As what?—a kiss!

HOW CROWDS ARE FED.

BY AUSTIN FRYERS.

THE attendances at the Crystal Palace always present such a wonderful array of figures that it occurred to me to make some enquiries as to the arrangements for providing them with sufficient and suitable refreshments, without which, I think, the finest attractions of the finest programme would fail to appeal to the average British crowd.

The commissariat of an army is one of its vital points, and perfect arrangements in connection with it are the best guarantee of a successful campaign. Mr. George Bernard Shaw was not altogether drawing the longbow when, in his "Arms and the Man," he claimed that what a soldier should carry with him was not ammunition but chocolate.

It is, of course, only possible for Mr. Shaw to conclusively prove that he was advising this in sober earnest, and that the advice was sound and practical. Chocolate has these two great qualities, that it is sustaining as a food, and easy of transit. However, despite Mr. Shaw, chocolate is not in favour with the Army Victualling Departments as a substitute for all kinds of foods, and it certainly would never do as a sole refreshment, in a liquid or solid form, for a Crystal Palace Bank Holiday crowd.

And what a commissariat is required for the Crystal Palace visitors! On a recent Bank Holiday the number considerably exceeded 100,000, and the total number of visitors for last year was in excess of two and a half millions.

As the attendances at the Crystal Palace are drawn from such varied classes of the community, it struck me



Mr. Isidore Salmon and a section of the Offices.

that from the food statistics some deductions might be drawn of an interesting, if not of an instructive, character. If one looks at the various important societies who arrange their fêtes there, it will be seen that scarcely an important section of the community but is at some time or other represented—teetotalers, licensed victuallers, Church of England, Nonconformist, political bodies of all classes, scientific, agricultural, and other bodies, etc. It is no easy task to prepare for the vagaries of taste which might be expected to obtain, and with the object of getting some definite information on the subject, I put myself in communication with Mr. Isidore Salmon, manager of Messrs. Lyons, Ltd., the caterers to the Crystal Palace, who very kindly undertook to give me every information on the subject.

Mr. Salmon suggested that I should meet him at Cadby Hall, Kensington, the headquarters of the firm, where full particulars might be obtained at first hand; so accordingly I presented my-

self there one morning recently, and was brought into contact with quite a little town in its way, which was very different to anything I had expected.

Here I found everything complete to entitle it to be rightly described as a town—an industrial colony, so to speak—lacking but one feature of completeness, the dwellings of the workers. Apart from this, Cadby Hall is the most self-centred, self-supporting institution I have ever encountered.

On passing the entrance gates, a roomy block of buildings on the right,



A corner of the store-room.

through the spacious windows of which a numerous staff can be seen at work, arrests attention, and one is surprised to learn that these are the offices, and that the staff we can see are all employed solely on clerical work. This feeling of surprise is only possible in the initial stage of the inspection. It very soon wears off. Indeed it begins to be dissipated on entering the very next building, the store-room, where thousands of articles of table china and glass-ware of every description are stored on shelves reaching from floor to ceiling. There

are enough articles in stock to suggest a large wholesale or export trade, but Mr. Salmon smiles at your wonderment, and coolly informs you that you are not looking at much more than sufficient for two or three days' use, and that at periods as brief as that the entire stock is replenished. The necessity arises from the number of unavoidable breakages, and the continuous opening of new shops.

"Indeed, it is impossible for us to rely on any one pottery," said Mr. Salmon, "and consequently we have to place our orders with three."

But although breakages must enter largely into the question of catering for the Crystal Palace, it was in the more direct question of the provision of refreshments that I was interested, and so Mr. Salmon took me at once to the great block of buildings opposite the offices, where the various work-rooms are mainly situated.

To reach this we passed a wide courtyard

in which several of the familiar "Lyons" delivery vans were drawn up, and from here, Mr. Salmon informed me, a service of vans is despatched twice a day to the Crystal Palace with the various requisite stores.

The first bakehouse—or rather series of bakehouses—we entered was fitted with special ovens for the production of Vienna bread, and the well-known "battens." From here there are three bakings daily, not only to supply the Crystal Palace and the various Lyons establishments, but also private clients, who include the

Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, when in town. On the next floor are yet another series of bakehouses, where the various cakes beloved of the afternoon tea-drinking section of the community are made and baked, and as we pass along from one room to another we find them devoted to the production of sponge cakes and the various forms of pastry. And as we pass along, our attention is arrested every moment by various ingenious machines for detail work, such as mixing eggs, butter, etc.

The series of rooms dealing with the preparation of foodstuffs seems interminable—tea-blending, tea-tasting, tea-cutting—all necessary preliminaries to getting a good cup of tea, and all seen to here on the spot.

Indeed, this is, in a word, the characteristic of Cadby Hall, that everything required for the great commissariat trade which it carries on is dealt with in all its stages, except that pleasant stage when it is submitted to the consumer.

The treatment of coffee, while as detailed as that of tea, is somewhat more interesting, as it involves that necessity for a perfect transit service which is not the least remarkable feature of Cadby Hall. In one of the large sections of this great working hive, we find a storage of the coffee berries, which are roasted and ground here three times daily, so that coffee may be sent up in that condition which ensures the cup that meets the taste of the epicure. To ensure its arrival in perfect condition at the Crystal Palace, it is packed in air-tight canisters at Cadby Hall before it is despatched.

It is almost impossible within the limits of this article to detail the various departments where the ordinary lists of refreshments are seen to. Quite a staff, for instance, is employed merely in the preparation of the fruit which is to be immediately afterwards used in cakes and other pastry. One department, however, deserves special mention. It is where home-made lemonade is prepared. Here no fewer than three thousand cases of lemons are used weekly in the preparation of a drink which is probably the only one which is generally accepted as a liquid refreshment.

The next visit we made was to the great bakehouses—the largest in the world—where the ordinary bread is made. It does not need Mr. Salmon to invite attention with pardonable pride to the excellent hygienic conditions; they are obvious at a glance. The walls, staircases, and bakehouses alike are covered with glazed tiles, so that absolute cleanliness is attained. The popular idea, too, of bakehouses is that they are underground, ill-lighted, and ill-ventilated. Here, however, they are on the ground floor and the stories above, and are roomy, airy, and full of light, for a long row of spacious windows extends along each bakehouse on the several floors.

On the top floor is the store-room, where is such an array of sacks of flour that the strength of the building is attested if merely by the patent fact that it safely bears such a great weight.

In the process of making the vast amount of bread which is sent out from here, nothing but machinery is employed. No hand touches it from the moment a sack of flour arrives until it is sent ready for delivery in the shape of loaves.

Practically nothing requisite to the carrying on of such a great and complex business but is done at Cadby Hall. New branches are being opened weekly, and alterations made at the existing depots. But no outside assistance is invoked, for here there is a workshop where some two hundred skilled hands are employed, who do the whole of the work, from the fixing of a gas bracket to the elaborate carving of doors, counters, and ornamental sections where required.

"We employ the very best men in the various trades," said Mr. Isidore Salmon, and with the specimens of excellent work which were by chance on the benches as we were passing through, I was quite willing to unreservedly accept the statement.

Another interesting branch is the printing establishment. An immense amount of printing is obviously necessary in the shape of price tickets, menus, bags, etc., and here at Cadby Hall is machinery sufficient to do every requisite class of work, even to the embossing of

the arms of the firm on the newspaper.

The stables are unique in their way. They are a block of buildings exclusively set apart for the purpose, and an inclined ascent which horses can use has been constructed in lieu of stairs so as to enable the stabling to extend to the several floors. The horses stabled in the top story enjoy a distinction which, so far as I am aware, is unique.

to provide for the wants of a Bank Holiday crowd at the Crystal Palace, or the recurring crowds which go to make up the grand total of over two and a half millions of visitors in the course of a year?

Mr. Salmon was good enough to give me some statistics which he had abstracted from the accounts, at my request. The bread used last year at the Crystal Palace totalled 563,950 pounds



Where the daily loaf is baked in a scientific manner.

The Crystal Palace is the biggest building in the world, and its visitors in the course of a year outnumber the total of visitors to any other place in the world; so that to effectually cope with the task of providing them with refreshments requires a complete and unusually perfect organisation. When I had been over Cadby Hall I was not surprised at the ease with which this great task is accomplished.

But have you any idea what it means

in weight, exclusive of 793,104 rolls, which, roughly speaking, added another 200,000 pounds to the huge figure. Such a huge mass, in the aggregate, would form a very respectable kopje in point of size. A more familiar comparison, however, is that it would more than equal in size St. Paul's Cathedral.

But Crystal Palace visitors do not live by bread alone, for when we reach the record of pastries sold we find the alarming total of 5,219,288 (of which 2,246,400

were buns) to be the number of pieces of pastry disposed of during last year. Sandwiches, necessitating labour in the cutting, reached the respectable total of 405,708. The big cheese required for the year's consumption should be as large as the Monument, for it must weigh 16,266 pounds. The milk consumed totalled 179,123 gallons; no inconsiderable poultry farm would be necessary to provide the eggs, for they exceeded 250,000 in number. The butter could be used to make a model of the Tower Bridge, for as there was over 35 tons it would be found that there was enough of it.

In sterner fare the figures are equally striking. "When a little farm we till" for the purposes of the Crystal Palace kitchen, it must be large enough to provide at least 312 tons of potatoes, and it must also be so stocked that it can provide 31,885 head of poultry, and a herd of sheep and cattle to furnish not less than 501,785 pounds of meat.

But a special interest will probably attach to the statistics of liquid refreshments. The figures of the consumption of ale and stout are large, as large, in fact, as we might expect in such a place. In the course of last year 43,000 large bottles of beer were sold, and 574,290 small bottles. The draught beer totalled 244,567 gallons, and the stout 45,000 gallons. Teetotalers need not hold up their hands in dismay, for these large figures are outstripped by those of the consumption of mineral waters. 867,314



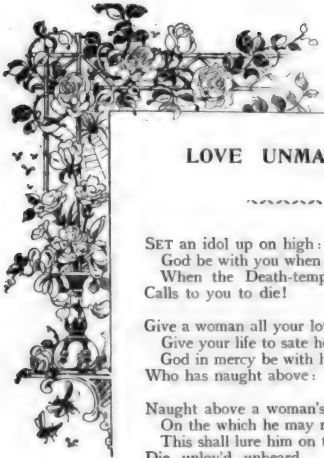
The firm's carving.

large bottles of minerals were sold and 483,416 small bottles, so that temperance advocates may possibly find in these figures a proof of the spread of the principles they approve.

The amount of tea consumed would be sufficient to form a fair-sized lake. Over 200,000 gallons of tea are consumed every year, and this vast amount inspires the greater wonder by reason of the fact that every cup of tea consumed is freshly made.

The organisation of the refreshment department at the Crystal Palace is arranged with military perfection. On Easter Monday a staff of no fewer than 1,500 persons were employed, and eight vans were constantly engaged in the distribution of the stores to the various buffets in the grounds.

Food is not an inviting subject, perhaps, but the organisation underlying such a vast undertaking as the catering for the Crystal Palace, and the interesting inferences to be deduced from the figures I have given, will, I think, prove as interesting to the reader as they were to me.



LOVE UNMASKED.

SET an idol up on high :
God be with you when it falls :
When the Death-temptation calls,
Calls to you to die!

Give a woman all your love,
Give your life to sate her whim ;
God in mercy be with him
Who has naught above :

Naught above a woman's word,
On the which he may rely ;
This shall lure him on to die,
Die, unlov'd, unheard.

Woman's word is empty sound,
Woman's whim is woman's heart ;
Tear thy love from her apart,
Leave her to the soulless ground!

R. P. FENN.





OUR CAUSERIE.

First Nights.

Three "first nights" coming all in one week drew a good many people up to town, even in the dead season, and there were good audiences for Mr. Alexander and the two Nell Gwyns. At the St. James's the audience was chiefly theatrical, and a first glance at the house gave one the impression that the whole of "the profession" must be "resting," so many dramatic celebrities were present. In one box sat the Kendals and Miss Genevieve Ward, in the stalls was Miss Marian Terry, attired with all the traditional grace of her family, also Miss Florence St. John, Miss Granville, Miss Eva Moore, Miss Esmé Beringer—a galaxy of stage stars. They were all very interested in the theatrical dresses, and in the sad adventures of Mr. Esmond's wig. Miss Julie Opp's first dress was particularly admired, everyone said they never saw anything prettier than her silver sash. Her dress was of white satin, heavily embroidered in silver, and finished off with a garniture of shaded roses; a silver ribbon was passed round the waist, and tied with long ends at the back.

Mrs. Alexander.

Mrs. Alexander was in the stage box on the O.P. side, beautifully dressed, as usual. Her dress was a very elaborate confection in white satin mousseline and pleated chiffon, veiled in mellow-tinted lace, which harmonised with an Empire belt and long sash ends of yellow satin. Winding in and out of the lace, and peeping out of the frou-frou of frills which edged the skirt, were clusters of mauve violets and pink rosebuds. A half tiara was worn in the hair, and sprays of foliage at one side. Mrs. Alexander is noted for her taste, and her toilettes are always well-chosen and well-worn. The graceful scenic arrangements at the St. James's often owe a great deal to her suggestions, and she always gives the finishing touches to the flowers when there is a "drawing-room scene." I have often known her leave her box on a "first night," that she might arrange the flowers and foliage which were needed in the next scene. She is deeply interested in her husband's work—she always knows his part, and if he forgets a word at rehearsals she will often chip in with it before the prompter has time to speak.

Ostend.

It was a bad season at Ostend this year, but it was worth while making the journey to note the humours of the French bathers, and the many precautions which are taken by the authorities to prevent people from going too far. There is a boat filled with life-saving

apparatus, and there are gendarmes actually standing in the sea, all ready to drag you back forcibly if you venture beyond your depth. But the French bather has no intention of going far out—it is the last thing he thinks of. He takes a bathing-machine, and cheerfully keeps it the whole morning, sits on the steps and smokes a cigarette, and now and then promenades ankle-deep to greet any acquaintances who may be in the water. Dipping the head is never thought of. All the bathers wear hats, so a “dip” is a physical impossibility. The performances of two American girls, who were beautiful swimmers, were naturally looked on as something phenomenal. They wore sensible swimming suits in red serge, and disported themselves in the water to the amazement of the French. The King of the Belgians used to watch the bathing with great amusement. He looked a curious figure to English eyes in his tall hat.

English seaside resorts have been popular this year, more particularly those quiet places at which people can do exactly as they like. Folkestone was very gay in August, full of smartly-dressed people and military bands, and Westgate also attracted many visitors a little later on. Men don't look happy in Westgate—there is too little for them to do, and if you see a married couple walking about together you may be pretty sure the husband is asking his wife what she meant by bringing him to such a hole of a place. But women love Westgate, with its lovely bay, its beautiful sunsets, and the neat little arcades where you shop, not to mention the beautiful roads which are so great an attraction to the lady cyclist. Amongst the visitors to Westgate last month I noticed Lady White, looking very pretty and charming in her simple seaside gowns; Mr. Willie Temple in his American cart (a novelty over here), Mr. Louis Wain, Mr. Edward A. Cooper, the novelist, and Mr. Herbert Paul. Literary people may nearly always be met at Westgate, now that it is the residence of Mr. Justin McCarthy, who came here some while

since for the benefit of his health. Mr. McCarthy is the most delightful conversationalist, and one could listen for ever to his reminiscences of the interesting people he has known. He is also a very sympathetic listener, so that one is always tempted to confide in him. Personally, I have only one regret when I part with him—I am sorry I have talked at all, and not listened instead all the time.

Mrs. Henniker. The Hon. Mrs. Henniker is often down at Westgate, but this season

she has been trying a bungalow at Birchington. She is writing a new novel in this quiet retreat, and it promises to be full of good character-studies. Mrs. Henniker is tall and graceful, and has very refined features. She dresses beautifully, and favours soft combinations of colour, such as sea-green and cream, or blue and mauve. Her luncheon-parties are very successful, and her chef is beyond reproach. She is very fond of birds, and has a lovely aviary in her Birchington bungalow. Mrs. Henniker is a sister of Lord Crewe's, who married Lady Peggy Primrose last year.

Miss Edna Lyall. Miss Edna Lyall lives at Eastbourne. She is not very fond of society, and is rarely seen in town. She is very simple in her dress, and in all her ways. She is very quiet in her speech, but interesting when she herself is interested. She is immensely kind and charitable, but very few people know of it, for she prefers to do good by stealth. She has given largely to the church subscriptions in her neighbourhood, and is always doing good amongst the poor. A little while since she paid a visit to Ireland, and was deeply interested in the condition of the peasantry in some of the villages, and exerted herself greatly to improve their condition.

Miss Beatrice Farrar. There were a number of theatrical folk at Henley this year. Mr. Harry Nichols was down there on a house-boat, and Miss Nellie Farren was

at the Royal Hotel. Miss Beatrice Ferrar and her sister Jessie were also staying by the river, and they used to look very picturesque in their punt, in their white muslin dresses, their auburn hair surmounted by rustic hats trimmed with pale blue westria. The Ferrar girls are much sought after in society, their bright spirits and pleasing manners making them universally popular. They are as cheerful as the proverbial Mark Tapley, and they will announce the most appalling facts in the most merry and triumphant tones—whether they are telling you that they haven't a relation in the world, or that they have just had their new bicycle dresses ruined by the rain. It is a fact that the two sisters are orphans, and their only relation is an elder sister who is a great success in the provinces. The two young girls, who live together, are greatly attached to one another, and are never so happy as when they manage to get into the same Company, when, for example, Jessie is understudying Beatrice. Beatrice made a great hit as the precocious little girl in "The Manœuvres of Jane," and before that she played a very amusing part in "The Squire of Dames"—the sentimental little girl who bursts out crying in the middle of singing a song. Beatrice has a delicate sense of humour, and is very amusing in her conversation. She has been on the stage for twelve years, and is not yet twenty-two.

Jessie Ferrar graduated **Miss Louie Freear.** in Mr. Ben Greet's Company, where she played Titania to Miss Louie Freear's Puck. She must have made a charming Titania, with her long red-gold hair, her forget-me-not wreath, and her pale blue chiffon dress garlanded with roses. Miss Freear's performance of Puck is said to have been much better in these early days, before she had acquired the slight Cockney accent in "Oh Susannah," which was not an embellishment to Shakespeare. Miss Freear is now so well known that it is quite painful for her to go about in London. She was in a 'bus the other day, when she discovered that she was recognised by the whole of the passengers, and that they

were all looking at her feet! Miss Freear is a tiny little woman, with very small hands and feet, but when she plays a London slavey she always wears enormous shoes so as to get a funny effect. Her travelling companions were trying to see whether Nature had really been so bountiful in the matter of extremities as it would seem from across the footlights.

A funny story is told of the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson's son, the famous Yorkshire cricketer, who recently returned from the front. He was being complimented on the fine innings he had just played for Harrow against Eton at Lords, and his reply was, "I'm not so pleased for myself, but it will give the guv'nor such a lift." The guv'nor was at that time Chief Secretary for Ireland. History says that the father had promised his boy a sovereign a run—and paid it too.

Empire Furniture.

There is a perfect rage just now for old Empire furniture, and the striped paper which is characteristic of the period is to be found in nearly every drawing-room. One of the most perfect examples of Empire style is to be found in the newly-furnished flat of Mrs. Stuart Bevan (*née* Sylvia Grossmith), in Drayton Gardens. Every piece of furniture is genuine old Empire, and the dining-room contains a priceless collection of portraits of the great Napoleon at different stages of his career. The drawing-room is in almond-green, the dining-room is papered in a lovely shade of red, which makes a fine background for the old engravings.

Wooden Bedsteads.

Wooden bedsteads have suddenly come into fashion again after many years of unpopularity, and I hear that one large furniture firm has had to build extra premises in consequence of the catching on of this idea. They are made in all sorts of pretty colours, such as grass-green, gobelins-blue, or white, and they are adorned with light chintz curtains, such as were fashionable in the

days of our grandmothers. Mrs. George Alexander has chosen beds of this kind for her country cottage in Chorley Wood, and the effect is extremely artistic. One bedroom has a green wooden bedstead, with furniture to match, and another has a still more dainty bed in white enamelled wood, with white chintz curtains, figured with sprays of coloured flowers tied with bows of blue ribbons. The colours in the flowers are pink and blue, mauve and yellow, and the curtains are tied at the four corners of the bed by satin bows in the four pretty colours.

Lady Warwick's Shop.

I hear that the Americans are great customers of Lady Warwick's, and that they haunt her shop in Bond Street during the dead season, hoping to get some "cunning" ideas to take home with them. They are not very likely to see the beautiful Countess herself, for though she superintends it very carefully, and often comes up to town to see how it is going on, she is never actually "in the business." It is permeated, however, by her ideas; she designs many of the models, and the customers are well attended to by the handsome manageress, Mrs. Eric Pritchard. Simplicity is the leading note in the dresses for country wear, but luxury reigns supreme in the tea-gowns, matinées, and lingerie. Two very beautiful night-gowns were on view when I paid my visit to the establishment. One was in white silk relieved with rose-satin ribbons, the other in black surah, with angel sleeves of black lace. A short cape of rose-coloured, accordion-pleated glacé silk was originally meant for a bed-room wrap—a little thing to throw over the shoulders, while one was taking one's cup of "eight-o'clock tea." Ladies liked these capes so much that they wore them in the Park during the afternoon drive, and even at the opera. I believe Lady Warwick originally started with lingerie and matinées; the dresses and cloaks have been a later addition. All the models are gradually evolved from the idea of an undergarment, and the best effects are procured by this means. "We take a pretty nightdress," says Mrs. Pritchard, "and we get the idea of a

matinée from it. The morning gown becomes a success, and we make it a little more dressy and turn it into a tea-gown. The tea-gown itself may develop into a dinner dress in process of time." I listened with great respect to this scientific account of the evolution of the toilette which is able to accomplish such excellent results.

A Punch-bowl.

A novel punch bowl was seen the other day at a supper party given by an American. A large block of ice was placed on the buffet, hollowed out in the centre, and the punch was poured into this natural formation. Round the base of the punch bowl ran a garland of pink flowers mixed with smilax and fern. American candies and piles of pop-corn were amongst the refreshments provided for the guests.

The Aftermath.

With autumn upon us and everybody back in town except the few weaklings or incorrigible indulgers in their moneyed leisure who mean to winter in Egypt, Italy, or the South of France, it seems out of date to discuss holidays or subjects akin.

Early Closing.

A short time ago the Stock Exchange Committee decided, in their wisdom, which no one for a moment questions, to do away with four of the seven "half-past four days" which for so long have been the rule in the course of each month, and to close the House regularly at four o'clock on all except three days a month. This has now had a good trial, and is no inconvenience to anybody. Far from an inconvenience, in these idle times it is a boon which everyone duly appreciates. There is a feeling abroad, I know, among those who know of Stock Exchange arrangements by hearsay only, that the people there have an easier time than in any other kind of business. People hear of closing at four o'clock, of extra holidays on the first of May and the first of November, Bank Holidays, occasional extra Saturday closings for structural alterations, or what they consider equally transparent as an excuse.

A Popular Notion.

There is a general belief, absolutely ill-founded, that Stock Exchange work is over for the day by four o'clock, even as it may be taken to be common knowledge, equally erroneous, that banks cease their labours when they close their doors. There is a difference, however, between the unreasoned popular notions about banks and those about the Stock Exchange. Banks everybody knows about and has something, however small, to do with. It is well known that the only holidays the poor bank clerks get are the Bank Holidays. That is very hard upon them, so we do not grudge their getting away earlier than other folks. But nobody knows anything about the Stock Exchange, which, on a former occasion, I ventured to point out was a latter-day mystery, which the ordinary man has no more desire to fathom than he has a ceaseless hungering to know about the Railway Clearing House, or the Board of Green Cloth, or any other institution which may be necessary to his existence, but with which he is not brought into direct personal contact.

The Broker.

So many know or think only of the Stockbroker, a term which seems to cover everything, to the lay mind, from the Chairman of the Stock Exchange to the smallest office boy. This typical broker leaves his business at the tick of four in the afternoon, sooner, if possible, and betakes himself to some house of pleasure in the suburbs, and is seen no more till 10.30 or 11 o'clock the next day. That he may possess an office where he slaves at his correspondence after the House has closed; where his clerks close up the business of the day, and, twice a month at least, toil far into the night, is an impossible idea. The popular notion of the Stockbroker centres in the principal Office? He does not need an office! Clerks? Absurd! He only buys and sells things in the Stock Exchange, and puts it down in a book like a bet. This is the general public's idea, both of

the Stock Exchange man and the big bookmaker—by which I do not mean an encyclopædist. They have no conception of the mass of work which lies behind. The "Name Room" is not even a name to them; the Settlement Department they never heard of; transfer work is a sealed book to them. The Stockbroker is not supposed to do any book-keeping.

His Clerk.

Nevertheless the initiated know that Stock Exchange clerks exist, and that they work as hard, on the whole, as other clerks, at times harder; that their salaries are in many instances poorer; their expenses greater; their annual holiday shorter; and their position, if in some instances less trammelled, is, in very many cases, more precarious. With all this the general public has little to do. It is one of those questions of capital and labour—puzzles which nobody understands, least of all those most deeply concerned.

Dissipation.

Although all this is so, the appetite of the Stock Exchange man, as that of very many City men, and indeed men of all classes, for relaxation and sport of every kind is enormous. The real cause is obscure, but the candid observer will hardly admit that we are a generation of hard-working Englishmen. I mean work as our fathers understood it. Whether the stress of modern life requires the extra relaxation is a moot point. It is a convenient doctrine commonly held, but I am inclined to question it. I am rather disposed to think that the appetite for work, or at least the capacity for sticking close to it, has diminished, while that for pleasure has increased. Perhaps, and it is not improbable, we are suffering now from overstrain in the past, having reduced the stock of reserve force, which phase, with the more strenuous conditions of modern life and its temptations to and facilities for pleasure and recreation, amount in sum total to a life which, *be it work or be it play, is, all ways, a continuous dissipa-*

tion of force. What man in the fifties would have thought of leaving his business for two months in the summer, as many now think nothing of doing?

Parliament and the Army.

To pass from the business world is beyond my province, but the same indisposition to work may be traced in Parliament and in the Army. In Parliament, the business of the country is not the main business even during the session. The convenience of the country is not consulted, but that of the business or professional M.P., the claims of fashion, the claims of the shooting season, and the annual holiday. The volume of the country's business has immensely increased in the last 50 years, but the time devoted to it has not increased in the same proportion. If Parliament sat four days a week from ten o'clock in the morning, and if it sat nine months of the year instead of six months, its record of business would not be so trifling, or the delays to those interested so vexatious and expensive. In the Army the same system of shirking the work of their profession, among a class of officers who have nothing to do but serve their country, has been largely responsible for our errors in South Africa. In all these matters, the City has a deep concern, and it should reform them and itself, if possible.

The only way.

But if, as I have suggested, such a reform is not possible, and the fault, if fault it be, is ingrained in the disposition and temper of the people of these days, the most sensible course is to meet the difficulty in some way suitable to it: to endeavour to combine business and pleasure in the hot weather. In other words, to transplant the City to the seaside or the country. In the summer number of "Harmsworth's Magazine" an ingenious effort was made to show, by illustration, how some of our great public buildings would look if transferred to new sites at popular places of resort. The illustrations were a distinct success, and the City might do worse than adopt the spirit of the idea.

Al Fresco.

Why, for instance, should not the Stock Exchange transfer itself, bag and baggage, without its buildings, in summer to some convenient spot, where members in flannels might stroll upon elastic turf, under the pleasant shade of over-arching trees; or lie basking in the sunlight; and dine al fresco, or in gay marquees? Why should not clients run down for the day to give their orders, as the guests of members? Members and their clerks could step from the business arena through a hedge to the cricket ground, the tennis court, or the rifle range. A volunteer camp and manœuvres would be a conceivable annexe. In fact, the project opens up endless possibilities. Business could be combined with the pleasure of it, and would become a pleasure in itself. The Stock Exchange Committee might undertake the management of the scheme and run the whole concern at a profit, like a great Earl's Court Exhibition on cheaper land, and to the infinite and rational benefit of all. The building in London could be let meanwhile for political or Company meetings, to the Salvation Army, or in any other way that would help to pay its expenses. Finally, excursions to objects of financial interest could be arranged, to the Welsh Gold Fields or the Kent Coal Fields.

Kent Coal.

That Kent Coal Field wants developing. Quaint are the ways of coincidence! It is said that the simple beginning of Kent Coal prospecting was when Sir Edward Watkin, when at Dover in connection with the Channel Tunnel Works, of which he was such an ardent advocate, found a large lump of coal which had dropped from a tender and supposed it to be a local product. So great events from little causes spring. But Kent coal mining has entered on devious ways since that ingenuous commencement.

Its Development.

The picture of the promotion of the Kent Coal Companies and their amalgamation would also be a good sub-

ject for development, but it must be by a reversal of the usual process, and by a dragging it out of the dark room in which it has hid so long into the broad light of day, that it may be clearly shown who has been responsible for such management.

**The
French Syndicate.**

In the meantime it is rather amusing to hear of a French Syndicate buying shares in the Company in order to secure for France an unlimited supply of coal equal to the best of South Wales. I presume, in the event of war, even a British Government would prohibit export of coal to the enemy, even though it belonged to them ten times over.

**Gallant
Little Wales.**

Gallant little Wales is supreme not only in the matter of steam coal, she now enjoys the possession, unique in these islands, of a dividend-paying gold mine. This undertaking, called the St. David's Gold and Copper Mine, is seated between Barmouth and Dolgelly, has been extensively developed both for gold and copper, and has already paid two dividends of 4s. each on the £1 share. This result is probably to a large extent due to its moderate capitalisation of £60,000. An extraordinary contrast to the vast sums sunk in the Kent undertakings without any adequate result.

Hope Deferred.

The great rush of applicants for shares in Hope Brothers at the commencement of the financial silly season is a proof of many things. Firstly, that there are a number of "Stags" about, ready to snap at anything with the smallest prospect of being quoted at a premium. Secondly, that your business man disregards a radical principle of sound business by exacting his pound of flesh to the uttermost grain, without any "poor scruples" in question. This is a course quite natural, and not to be cavilled at by any but a harmless theorist, like myself, seeing that this fundamental error is in business confounded with its corresponding principle, and therefore the doer of

these things is rationally on mercantile grounds canonised as a commercial saint.

Thirdly, it shows what a multitude of small investors are watching for anything that offers prospect of safety with even a small profit, and will jump at it without considering the proposition thoroughly. Here is a business which has lived and made itself for years out of the doublets, and hose, and hats, and what not of these said small investors, selling itself practically to its customers, capitalised to the last farthing, and offering them no inducement or hope of profit that it could avoid, and turning the people it has clothed for so long naked on the world without a shirt to their backs in the shape of free cash capital, and with no prospect of more than a five per cent. return on their money, except from an extension of the business due to their own capital and their own energy. There are no deferred shares, but hopes for profits beyond five per cent. are likely to make sick the hart that pants for the cooling streams of affluence. It is well named, but it should have been printed as an exhortation to—Hope brothers!

Political Motors.

Motor car shares ought to be looking up in prospect of the example of the candidate for Nairn, who has been beating up his constituency on a motor, being largely followed in the coming General Election. Probably there will be some demand for political purposes, but I should not advise the credulous small investor to plunge on that account.

**The Golfer
again.**

With the return of members from the country comes the usual crop of ingenious anecdotes at somebody's expense. Of course, the inevitable golf story, rather to this effect. The golfer concerned rose early one morning, and sought the breezy links, intending a little gentle practice; but found on the ground before him an earlier enthusiast, whom he did not know, but agreed to play. The game had gone on some little time, when the Stock Exchange man, being in doubt

as to his opponent's score, turned to him with the question, "What are you?" The man addressed looked at him a moment as though surprised by the question, and then found his tongue. "I'm," he said, "the straw-rat manufacturer of Hoddingham. Who the doose are you?"

**A
Timely Rescue.**

Harmless chaff is visible in the story told of a certain member, who, dealing largely in a particular security, made known his willingness to do business in it by frequently mentioning its name very audibly, as the custom is, "Dullgold, dullgold, dullgold," a call which thus became known, and a matter of chaff among his friends. It is said, with what truth I know not, that, having gone boating alone and unfortunately fallen in, he had sunk twice, when with glazing eye, and a mind wandering over the field of his experience, his ruby lips, probably blowing bubbles soft and fine, parted unconsciously in his usual cry, "Dullgold." The strangled utterance was his salvation, for an opportune friend—him probably who tells the tale, and has the golden gift of imagination—in passing, heard the familiar cry, and was induced to pull him from the ooze.

**A Voice from
Kalgurli.**

I had the pleasure of an interview with an ex-member of the Kalgurli Stock Exchange, none other than Percy Melville Emery, the enterprising Australian of 23, who, having left Australia without a shilling, has undertaken to walk round the world in red and green plush and make £2,000, maintaining himself six months in London and in Paris three

months. His reward is to be a purse of £3,000. He was a familiar figure in London till recently. He feels it a hardship that, though the Kalgurli Exchange gives admittance to any curious stranger, he found the London Exchange closed against him, so that he was unable to give the London papers the benefit of his impressions of it. This though he had seven members who were prepared to rush the doors for him. He was not blind to the possibility, however, that the members of the House might have taken a fancy to distribute his daring apparel among themselves as souvenirs, which might have obliged him to appear in the garb of "a civilian," and so violate the conditions governing his journey. That would have been too bad. He has, however, before now, dealt with a mob with a six-shooter, and understands that part of the business of a Kalgurli stock-jobber. Verb. sap.

**A Solemn
Ceremony.**

Things had been so disheartening for some time in the Kaffir Circus that the general mournful feeling found expression there last month in a solemn burial of the Chartered Market. The space it usually occupies was marked by a suitable inscription in paper. The joyful wearers of buttonholes were raided, and made to surrender their gay adornments in the interest of an occasion so sad, and the flowers thus impounded went to grace the tomb of the departed, while solemn psalms, in meaning indistinguishable, hung upon the heavy air, and the only bells were Bell's wax vestas, which lighted the ceremony on its darksome way. The most that can be said is that it is better to bury sorrow thus than drown it in the flowing bowl.

